

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

VOL. XXV. NO. 8.

TRENTON, N. J., MAY, 1913.

5 CENTS A COPY

PUBLIC OPINION

BY J. H. CLOUD

THE Shaw-Church case which recently came to a close in the probate court at Salem, Mass., to which it had been transferred after a previous trial, attracted more than local interest, owing to the claim said to have been made by one side of the contest to the effect that a deaf-mute could not be a competent parent.

Several years ago, Mr. W. E. Shaw, a deaf-mute resident of Lynn, an electrician and inventor, married a Miss Church, also deaf, of Boston. They had one child, a son, the mother dying soon after his birth. As the home was broken up for the time being, the child was temporarily given over to the custody of Mr. and Mrs. Church, maternal grandparents. A few years later Mr. Shaw re-married and requested the return of his child, but the grandparents declined to give him up. Long, bitter and hard-fought court litigation followed, and what is hoped to be the final disposal of the case was reached only recently. The Probate Judge quite properly held that though Mr. Shaw was deaf and dumb he was legally capable of bringing up his son, (who, of course, is not deaf), and a proper person to have charge of the boy's welfare. It appears that while the child was in the custody of his grandparents they naturally became so attached to him that they resolved to retain possession of him if possible. To this end they made the charge—as foolish as it was far-fetched—that chiefly on account of the deafness of Mr. Shaw, he was not a fit person to raise the child. The sincerity of the charge may also be questioned since Mr. Shaw was their son-in-law. Mr. Shaw is to be congratulated upon the legal and moral victory won in his case.

"It now seems incredible that living men can remember when all the deaf children were dumb children." Extract from the address of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell at the dedication of Hubbard Hall at the Northampton School.

What is really incredible is that Dr. Bell should make any such statement. There was never a time when all deaf children were dumb children. Every public school for the deaf of any considerable size contains a number of pupils who acquired speech before they became deaf and retained it. The class in which we graduated at the Illinois school contained sixteen members, fifty percent of whom spoke fluently before ever entering school. The class in which we graduated at Gallaudet College contained six members all of whom spoke fluently before ever entering a school for the deaf. There is nothing especially remarkable about such a showing. The general public would quite likely be greatly surprised if it knew of the large number of fluently speakers among the deaf who are not at all indebted to oralism for their acquired speech.

Among the graduates of Gallaudet College who are making good in the business world is Mr. H. L. Stafford who fills important and confidential positions at the headquarters of the U. S. Steel Corporation at Duluth. During the navigation season of 1912 the Company shipped 23,000,000 tons of iron



H. L. STAFFORD
Duluth.

ore,—breaking all previous records. Prior to going to Duluth Mr. Stafford held an important position at the headquarters of the Southern Railway at Washington. The late Mrs. Stafford was Miss May Martin, of blessed memory, also a Gallaudet graduate and the first lady to be made a member of the college faculty. During her student days Mrs. Stafford organized and founded the O. W. L. S. Society which has since been the center of much active and helpful interest among the young lady students.

THE VOLTA REVIEW

AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE DEAF IN
SCHOOL AND HOME
35th Street and Volta Place
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 3, 1913.

REV. JAMES H. CLOUD,
Gallaudet School for the Deaf,
St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIR:—In the "Silent Worker", for April, 1913, I notice some comment by you on the article by Dr. Max A. Goldstein of St. Louis, entitled, "The Disposal of the Deaf after the School Age," which appeared in the VOLTA REVIEW for February.

As it is extremely evident that this comment is based upon a misapprehension of Dr. Goldstein's subject, I take the liberty of calling the matter to your attention.

Dr. Goldstein's article was entitled, "The Disposal of the Deaf After the School Age." From the text of the article, it is very clear that "after" should be interpreted as "after reaching," whereas your com-

ment evidently presupposes that "after" means "after having passed;" thus, while Dr. Goldstein was discussing deaf children with especial reference to the first few years after they reach school age, you are speaking of deaf men and women who have completed a school education.

Perhaps this misinterpretation accounts for some of the defects which you find in Dr. Goldstein's argument and point of view. Might it not be well to make a correction on this point?

Yours very truly,

ERNEST GREGORY,

Editor.

We are glad to give space to the above communication from the editor of *The Volta Review* and take this means of thanking him for calling attention to our seeming misconception of Dr. Goldstein's subject. Since receiving the above we submitted the phrase "after the school age," both separately and with the full wording of Dr. Goldstein's subject, to several competent persons, each of whom interpreted it to mean "after having passed school age," which is the interpretation we gave it, and which, we believe, is the interpretation given it by the general public.

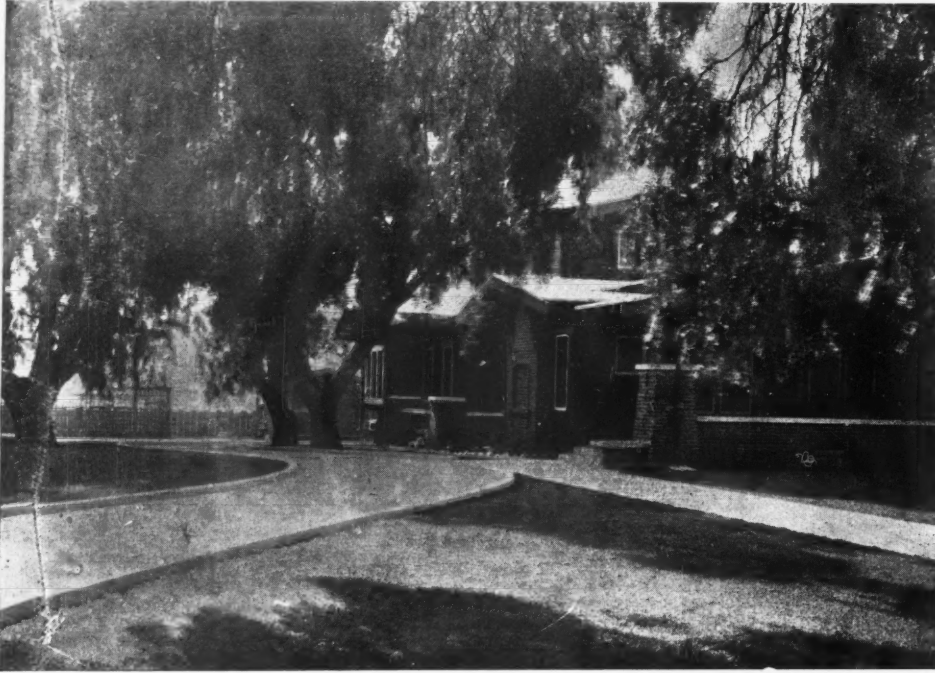
Among the numerous bills which the recent Missouri Legislature failed to reach before *sine die* adjournment was the one relating to deaf impostors. It had strong backing and there was no opposition to it from any source. The Missouri Legislature is an eighty-day limited affair and a bill must be given an early start if it is to get any where on the road to final passage. The bill will be re-introduced when the Legislature next meets and we hope the early start to be given it will insure its early passage. The time is coming, and seems to be not far distant, when there will be an effective deaf imposter law on the statute books of every state.

The middle paragraph on page 80 of the Proceedings of the Colorado Springs Convention of the N. A. D. refers to an incident which seems to have been taken seriously but which was really intended as a joke. The credit for "reporting" the incident is also misplaced. Whatever the facts surrounding the incident, and whatever the motives of the parties concerned, no mention should have been made of it in the official proceedings of the convention.

We find ourselves more interested in reading reports than formerly. What does it mean?—From an editorial in *The Palmetto Leaf*.

Laurens is pretty good at interpreting signs and ought to be able to answer that question to his own satisfaction. To us it means that he is in training for the superintendent (or is it the president)—class. Here is hoping that he may reach it.

Our graduates write back to school that they are lonely and unhappy. Are we responsible for this? Can we remedy it? How?—*Mt. Airy World*.
1. Most likely. 2. Yes. 3. By using the Combined Method in your school.—*The Silent Echo*.



RESIDENCE OF MISS ALICE CHENOWETH—LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Thus in the wake of the *Mt. Airy World*
The Silent Echo truthfully reverberates.

* * *

It looks as if the corner stone of the Oklahoma
 School will have to be laid all over again. May the
 mortar hold next time.

Reveille

Columbia, wake! For now, while thou art sleeping,
 Unguarded and unconscious of a foe,
 On, through the darkness, stealthy feet are creeping,
 Near and more near to strike the fatal blow.

No more, no more, in fancied safety slumber,
 Dost thou not know our flag is put to shame?
 Nor heed the alien rabble, without number,
 Who throng our gates with curses on thy name?

The poor and weak in vain for help are calling,
 Wild license masks as liberty divine,
 While from the anarchy's torch the sparks are falling,
 Pale grow the fires on freedom's holy shrine.

Wake, only wake! Those glorious eyes unfolding,
 Like lightning from on high their splendid scorn
 Shall scorch and blind all traitorous eyes beholding,
 Thy foes shall flee like night before the morn.

Then shall our flag, by patriot fathers given,
 Be still the hope and beacon of all lands,
 Its stars as safe as are the stars of heaven,
 Beyond the utmost reach of traitor hands.
 A. H. T. FISHER.

The above challenge to the patriotic citizens of the whole nation was composed by a woman of New England who has been deaf from her early childhood. Deeply moved by the parade of the Anarchist strikers, last fall when they marched about Lawrence, Mass., bearing their red flag,—and their defiant Motto, "No God and No Master." She composed the "Reveille," and sent it to the editor of the *Lawrence Telegram*, with an encouraging note which he appreciated to the extent of quoting the sentence: "Stick to your guns."

That blasphemous demonstration of the strikers was met by the city papers with an appeal to all patriotic citizens, to show their allegiance to God, and the American Flag, by decorating their homes with the national colors, and wearing minute flags.

That suggestion was carried out by an autumnal display of "Old Glory," exceeding any Fourth of July display of the flag ever made thereabouts. That was later followed by a street parade with a more numerous display of flags of all sizes, one feature of that day's demonstration of enthusiastic patriotism being the permanent placing of a flag of im-

posing height and dimension on the public square, while the vast crowd of loyal citizens sang, "The Star Spangled Banner," and cheered enthusiastically.

The "Reveille" shows convincingly, that the deaf are loyal patriotic citizens, who when given their rights in the lines of education, can write songs, poems, prose articles calculated to exert an uplifting influence upon all who read them, even though like the author of the above, "Reveille," they have been deaf from early childhood or infancy.

Mrs. C. C. Fisher, who often signs her initials only to her writings, has for years contributed to Boston papers and others many fine songs and poems, that ought to be in the market in book form now, and probably would be, but for the slowness of the public, to believe in the literary ability of the deaf. That Mrs. Fisher's ability as a poet, has been recognized by at least one book-maker of liberal views and literary penetration, was shown to me, several years ago, in a way worth telling. One day, while reading a book of Daily devotions, I noticed a poem entitled, "Rise Higher," the author's name not given. Recognizing the title as the same as one of Mrs. Fisher's poems, which I had highly prized, I read carefully, and to my delight, found it

was a perfect copy of her poem. When informed of the case, she was quite surprised, the book being entirely new to her. She also writes fine stories as was proven several years ago when the *Kentucky Standard* copied from the *Well Spring*, a Sabbath School paper dear to our childhood memories, the charming story "Spatty." "Spatty" was a handsome butterfly which Mrs. Fisher one summer day found on her flower garden feasting on a clump of gay double Marigolds, captured, named and fed on her finger with drops of honey until he became so attached to her that he would not go away though given many opportunities.

That Mrs. Fisher writes forceful prose essays on educational lines as well as thrilling poems, was shown a few years ago when an article she wrote for *THE SILENT WORKER*, and signed with her initials, was more extensively copied by the *I. p. f.* than any article of its length, published by the school papers for several years, all the editors quoting it as the wise opinions of "Mr. Fisher." I planned to count the papers which copied that really excellent article partly or entire, but gave up the task with mingled amusement and regret that so much fame was being accorded a husband merely because his wife had signed her initials to an article instead of her maiden name Angelia Hawthorne Tewksbury, with the "Fisher" as a loyal recognition of his share in her literary success.

The moral of the incident is plain. Don't be too quick to credit the men with all the good articles.

Women can hit the nail squarely on the head, occasionally, so they should have due credit when they display efficiency as ably as did "A. H. T. F.," in that particular article.

ANGELINE A. FULLER FISHER.

News from the Manila, P. I., School

In an interesting letter to one of our correspondents, Mrs. Delight Rice Webber, of the Manila School for the Deaf, writes as follows:

"The School is very nice and getting stronger all the time. Forty-five children are enrolled. I have one American assistant, two native teachers, and a cadet has just been appointed to take the two years training, also a native teacher in wood-working. The blind children have a literary society; they make good baskets. The deaf children have a volley-ball team, baseball team and all the boys are good at boxing.

"Dr. McDowell, a lecturer, has spent several months in the P. I. taking cinematograph pictures for his lectures in the U. S. He took several hundred feet of this school, including a boxing bout by two blind boys. If you hear of him I think you will enjoy his pictures."

See illustrations on opposite page.



RESIDENCE OF MR. PAUL LANGE—DELAHAN, WISCONSIN.

Manila, P. I., School for the Deaf and Blind



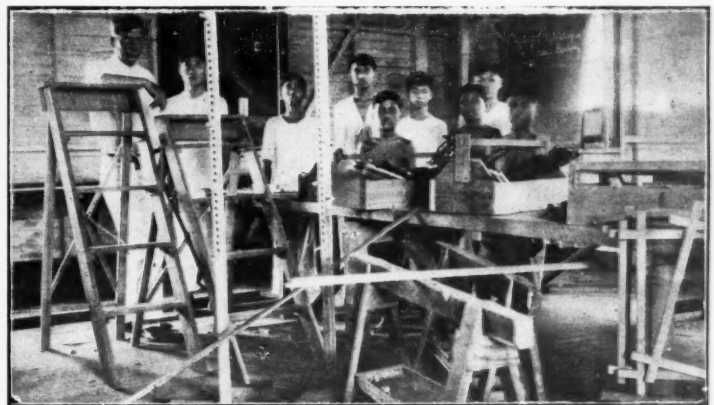
CLASS OF BLIND—18 MEMBERS



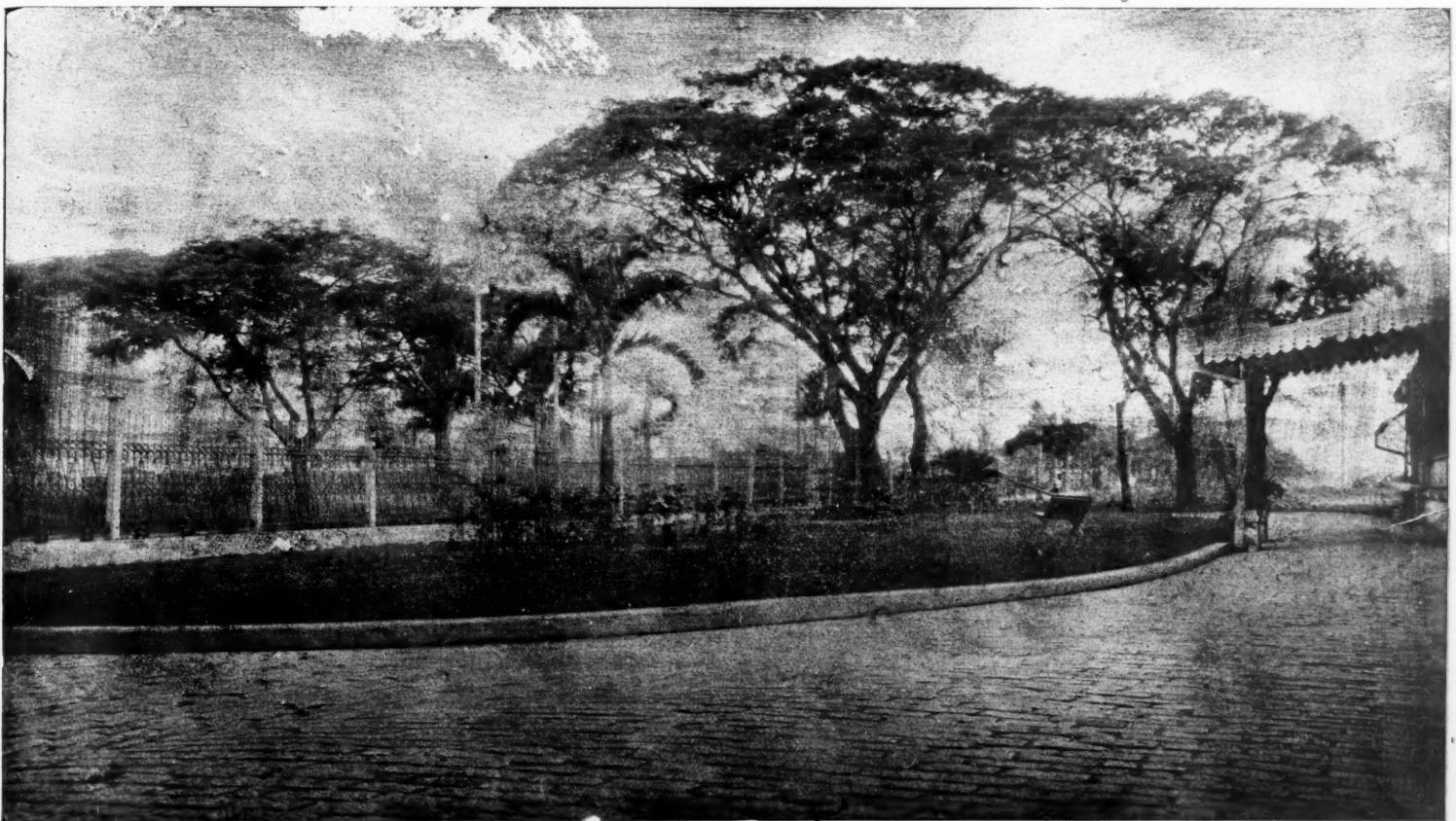
PLAY TIME—BLIND CHILDREN WITH THEIR PHONOGRAPH



SEWING AND WEAVING



LAST YEAR'S—WOOD-WORKING CLASS

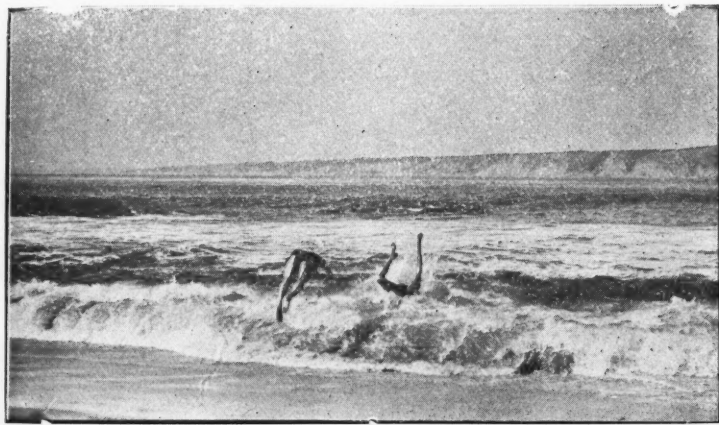


FRONT YARD OF THE MANILA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND BLIND, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Southern Pacific Coast Views



SEA GULLS



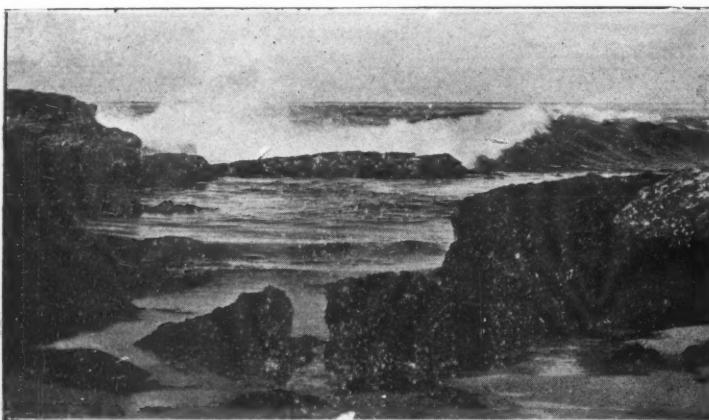
WINTER BATHING



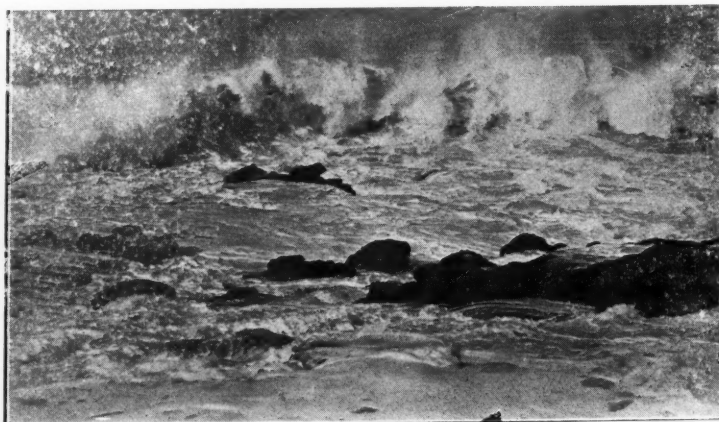
A STUDY IN OUTLINE LOW TIDE



MOONLIGHT SCENE



SWIMMING POOL AND SUNSET POINT



FULL MOON AND HIGH TIDE



RISING MOON



THE OCEAN GRAND

FEDERATION NEWS

BY DOUGLAS TILDEN



NEBRASKA has mopped the earth with the N. A. D.

The fate of Kansas, the home of Hanson's Committeeman, seems to be uncertain.

And have you forgotten Veditz's prophetic words: "New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, all the rest of you, what are your State Associations for? Get up and get to work. Act at once! Awake! Arise! or be forever fallen!"?

A few months ago I had to say squarely to Hanson: "Whoever opposes Federation, befriends oralism; whoever befriends oralism, drags down the deaf."

That is so. Events are moving with an accelerated speed, and the issue is being rapidly focused toward that point where we must, at Cleveland, give heed to these wise words of E. A. Hodgson: "Unless a more expansive spirit is shown, the N. A. D. is doomed."

I print in full more literature from the Convention bureau of the Panama-Pacific Exposition:—

1915 SAN FRANCISCO 1915
A Message to the Conventions, Congresses
and Learned Societies of the World
WHY NOT
See the Beautiful City
Visit the Exposition
Know California
PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL
EXPOSITION

IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

February 20th to December 4th, 1915

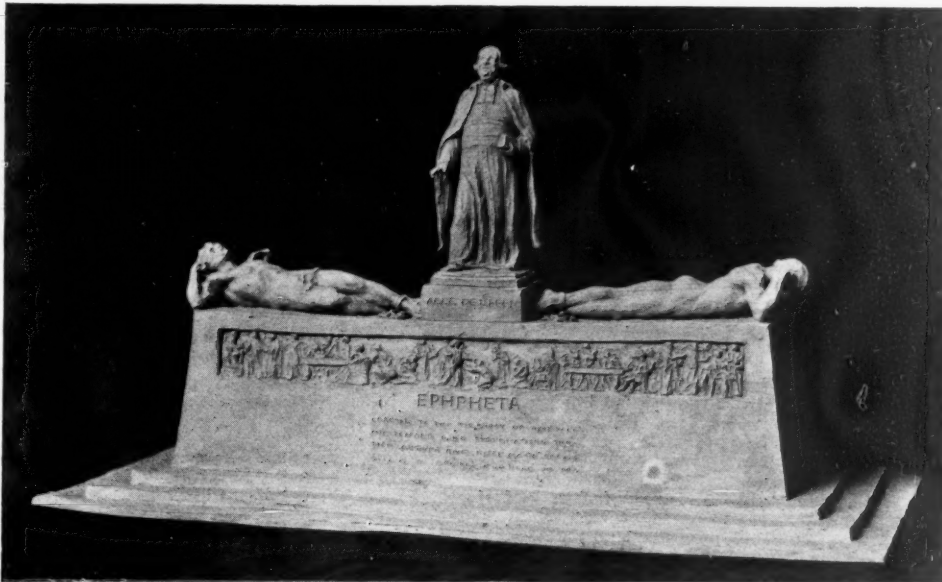
The congress of the United States entrusted to the City of San Francisco and the State of California the task of holding a Universal Exposition of the Arts, Sciences, and Industries of the world as a means of celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal uniting the two great oceans and establishing new routes of commerce.

In every sense the Exposition of 1915 is an undertaking which, while devoted to the welfare of the world, is nevertheless to become an expression of the pride and the patriotism of the people of the United States. Within two hours a mass meeting in San Francisco in April, 1910, raised more than four millions of dollars for the Exposition. A total of seven and a half million dollars had been raised for Exposition purposes by popular subscription in San Francisco alone. In addition to that the city has authorized a five million dollar bond issue, while the State of California has taxed itself to the amount of another five millions of dollars. Practically every country in California has levied a six cent Exposition tax to provide funds for building and exhibits. San Francisco and California will invest fully twenty millions of dollars in the Exposition before the gates open on February 20th, 1915. This great sum represents the enthusiastic unity of the people of California in supporting the Exposition, in recognition of the great honour conferred, and the great duty imposed upon the Commonwealth.

WHAT OTHER STATES ARE DOING

What San Francisco and California are doing is not half of the story. Twenty-four states outside of California have already made provision for participation in the Exposition, while action is now pending before the legislatures of several other states. The state of New York alone has appropriated \$700,000.

Sites for several Exposition buildings have up to this time been selected by the following states and possessions: New York, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Arizona, Utah, Washington, Oregon, New Jersey, Colorado, South Dakota, Nevada, Missouri, Minnesota, Idaho, Kentucky, Montana, the Philippine Islands and Hawaii. The following foreign countries have accepted the Nation's invitation to participate in the Exposition: Guatemala, Bolivia, Hayti, Mexico, Honduras, Salvador, Costa Rica, Panama, Peru, Dominican Republic, Japan, Canada,



TILDEN'S DESIGN FOR A MONUMENT OF ABBE DE L'ÉPÉE

In this little design about 15 inches tall, the sculptor attempts a philosophical work, instead of a historical monument of the conventional type showing a teacher with a pupil by his side, which may be a photographic representation of any body. The "harshness of ages" during which no deaf were educated, formed a tragedy as wide as the world and, on this panorama of a whole world's history, the Abbe is placed as the central figure. He stands alone: "his visionary eyes are burning." On either side are deaf-mutes stretched in fetters of ignorance. One holds fists against his ears in designation of a fate that he might not understand. The other is turning around as if in search of light.

The basrelief on the pedestal shows all men in history who had either done or said anything about

the deaf, from Moses who wrote: "Thou shalt not curse the deaf," down to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet who, as the exponent of college education, is shown in the doctor's gown at the extreme right. In the center of the tablet as the motif of the design is Christ curing a deaf boy. The back of the monument shows a like basrelief divided into five sections illustrating the life of the priest. The observant reader will note that the figures and the basrelief and inscription are inclosed in a space which has the form of a cross.

The statue of the Abbe and basreliefs are intended to be in bronze, while the lying figures as well as the pedestal are to be marble.

The area to be occupied by the monument is about 15 feet X 33 feet, the height being about 18 feet.

Ecuador, Liberia, Cuba, Nicaragua, France and Uruguay. Canada, Mexico and Central America having accepted it, it comprehends the participation of Northern America. The Japanese garden will be a permanent gift to the people of the United States. This garden with many valuable shrubs and quaint horticultural growths, including a large number of the famous dwarf trees of Japan, some being more than two hundred years old, will occupy about four acres of ground. Other states and nations are actively planning buildings and exhibits that will typify national aspiration in education, art, recreation, industry.

A \$50,000,000 ENTERPRISE

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be a fifty million dollar enterprise. In the matter of site, exhibits and artistic conception, it will be vastly greater than any World's Fair that has been held elsewhere. Here in a week you can study the world's progress as you could not in a year of travel.

The Exposition buildings will command a view of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate. This view with its Exposition setting will be worth crossing the continent to see. The site proper comprises a tract of about 625 acres with a frontage of nearly three miles on San Francisco Bay just within the Golden Gate and is in a natural basin surrounded by hills. A horticultural display of 50 acres, 12 acres of railroad and other outdoor exhibits, amusement, concessions of 45 acres, a drill and aviation field of 50 acres, state buildings 40 acres, foreign buildings 37 acres, will be some of the features.

EVERYTHING WILL BE READY IN 1915

The chief exhibit palaces will be 13 in number. They will be devoted to fine arts, agriculture, education, manufactures, varied industries liberal arts, machinery, mines and metallurgy, transportation, horticulture, stockyards, stock pavilion, automobiles. The combined area will amount to 3,731,500 square feet. Work on the site is in active progress. The park effects are being worked out. All

plans are nearly completed. The Exposition is, at the present time, relatively fully a year ahead of the work of any previous World's Fair. Everything will be in readiness for you whatever the month you may choose for your 1915 Convention in San Francisco from February to December. The Presidio, the Government's great military reservation, will be a part of the Exposition. Here you can study the military service as never before with its hospital ships, submarines, lighthouse service, transports, fortifications with their disappearing guns, troops.

THE PROGRAM OF EVENTS

The warships of the world will greet you in San Francisco Bay during the opening week. Here you may study the greatest naval review the world has ever seen. Never has any World's Fair had such a program of events as will San Francisco in 1915. There will be aviation and automobile meets, mimic wars with trained armies, olympiads, pageants from both the Orient and the Occident, Congresses of the world's thinkers.

STREET OF AMUSEMENTS

The Exposition will amuse as well as instruct. The Midway of Chicago and the Pike at St. Louis will be eclipsed by the Exposition AMUSEMENTS at San Francisco. Two attractions alone, already planned, will cost more than half a million dollars each. Here you will see the novel, the grotesque, the hilarious. Here will be shown all that ingenuity, skill or daring can accomplish. The Exposition STREET OF AMUSEMENTS will be a living color page of the world with attractions drawn from the ends of the earth.

RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP RATES

Low railway and steamship rates will be granted from all parts of the world. You'll never pay the transportation companies less for a visit to California. Special railway and steamship rates will be granted in 1915 throughout California and the Pacific Coast. By coming en route and returning another you can, at small expense, not only visit

the Panama-Pacific Exposition, but see the whole Pacific Coast from San Diego to Seattle. The Yosemite, the Big Trees, the Grand Canyon, Southern California, the San Joaquin-Sacramento Valley, the historic Missions, Yellowstone Park, the Lake Tahoe and Mt. Shasta Resorts, the Redwood Tree Country, the Coast resorts, the Santa Clara Valley, the Puget Sound country will be all yours for the coming in 1915. Besides the great Exposition, where you can spend days or weeks with something new every hour, there will be other points of interest in and near San Francisco. You can visit at small expense Golden Gate Park, the Beach, Seal Rock, the Water Front, Chinatown, Mare Island, Mt. Tamalpais, Mission Dolores, Stanford University, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, the University of California. And remember that while Niagara, the Yosemite and other of Nature's attractions are always with us, your generation will not produce another Universal Exposition!

AMPLE HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS

San Francisco will provide ample hotel accommodations in 1915 and at reasonable rates. There are now 1237 hotels and apartment houses handling transient guests in the new city. Of the hotels more than 90 per cent are new with such modern conveniences in every room as the telephone, hot and cold water, steam heat and electric lights. Besides the hotel dining rooms and grills there are now 655 restaurants and cafes in San Francisco. New York is the only American city with greater accommodations for conventions and visitors. Within a half hour from San Francisco by ferry or electric car are the cities of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, where accommodations can be provided for fully 100,000 additional people. You will be cared for in good shape and with no raise in hotel and restaurant rates when you visit San Francisco in 1915.

During the winter-to-winter Exposition period from February 4th, 1915, you will find in San Francisco a mild climate without snow, ice or blizzard. There will be no rain the summer through to interfere with your comfort and pleasure.

WORLD SERIES OF CONGRESSES AND CONVENTIONS

Perhaps the greatest feature of the 1915 Exposition will be its Congresses, Societies and Conventions. The world gatherings will bring to San Francisco the great thinkers of all nations along the lines of industry, art, science and education. Many fraternal organizations and scientific societies have already decided to meet in San Francisco in 1915. The Exposition authorities have been so impressed with the importance of these Congresses and Conventions that they have set aside One Million Dollars for the erection of a great auditorium in which such meetings may be held. This auditorium will be erected in the new Civic Center, on which more than eight million dollars will be expended before the Exposition opens.

1915 WILL BE CONVENTION YEAR

Your Association is cordially invited to hold its 1915 session in San Francisco. Its acceptance will mean a great Convention of your organization. Its acceptance will mean that San Francisco and the Exposition will plan for your reception. Its acceptance will also mean that your own members in great numbers will plan to attend the 1915 gathering. Many of the members of your Association are certain to come to California during 1915 to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Then why not call your 1915 session for San Francisco and so provide for a great reunion in California at the coming World's Fair? In every way 1915 will be Convention year.

The following letter from the Exposition cannot but act as a stimulus. Opportunity is stamping on the floor or hammering at our door. Shall we regard her as the proverbial impostor or peddler whom we dislike so much and slam the door in her face?

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION 1915

EXPOSITION BUILDING

BUREAU OF CONVENTIONS AND SOCIETIES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., March 10th, 1913.

MR. DOUGLAS TILDEN,
President, California State Association of the Deaf,
2078 Franklin Street,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR MR. TILDEN:—I have read with very great interest your article in the last issue of "THE

REV. J. H. CLOUD
AND MR. W. A. TIL-
LEY ANGLING FOR
ROCK FISH IN SAN
FRANCISCO BAY OFF
TIBURON.



"SILENT WORKER." It is just such articles that will arouse the greatest possible interest in the Exposition. I could not but feel complimented by your statement in the article that I "showed a surprising familiarity with the Deaf." In my educational work I have really always tried to keep in touch with the development of education on all lines. In Stockton, where I was Superintendent for twenty years, we had several children that were deaf that led me to make something of a study of the whole subject. I can not but feel that the Exposition will have failed to serve its highest purpose unless we emphasize this aspect of the educational field.

Assuring you of my keen interest in the matter and trusting that among us we may be able to work out a national or international Congress for 1915, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
JAS. A. BARR,
Manager.

In my February article I mentioned the fact that the Exposition is to have a day to be known as the Abbe de l'Epee Day and expressed the hope that there could be a monument of the priest on the grounds. I submitted a sketch to the authorities of the Exposition, and it would be interesting, could I publish their replies without taking up too much space of the SILENT WORKER.

Mr. Ward, a member of the Board of Architects, pronounced it "finely balanced."

Mr. Bitter, Chief of Sculpture, wrote: "The design promises a most interesting and creditable feature," "it would be a splendid thing to see Mr. Tilden's design realized" and "I hope that reference will be made to that part of human effort which deals with the deaf, the blind and other particular classes of humanity, and the efforts that are made by themselves or on their behalf, to follow in the general advancement of mankind, to which purpose all universal expositions are devoted."

Mr. Calder, Acting Chief, sent congratulations.

The only details to be attended to, are to get a site and money, but we must not be carried away by too great expectations, for it is no more easy to get any appropriation from the Board of Directors of the Exposition than from the U. S. Congress, though they may command millions.

The comments of some friends who have seen the model of Abbe de l'Epee itself on the photograph of it are:

Mr. and Mrs. Long: "We do not understand it."

Mr. d'Estrella: "I prefer the conventional type."

Mr. Regensburg: "It is beautiful and impressive."

Mr. and Mrs. Porter: "The best ever."

Mr. Milligan: "Fine! Let me have a cut of it for the California News."

Mr. Caldwell: "He is a true Abbe de l'Epee. I do not understand how you model. Please show me."

Next month I will reply to a friend who wrote: "Federation is our only salvation," and adds: "but how it is to work, beats me."

Presumption is ineradicably interwoven with every beginning that the world has ever seen.—H. G. Wells.

DEAF AND DUMB FAKIR FINDS HIS TONGUE IN COURT; GETS SIX MONTHS FOR DECEPTION

Just one look at Judge Naar after he had given him a sentence of a half year on the stone pile changed Louis Clark, professional deaf and dumb medicant of Jersey City, to Louis Clark, a talkative citizen in Central Court today.

Clark was arrested yesterday by Patrolman Hulse for begging on the streets. He pretended that he could neither hear nor speak. He showed half a dozen letters stating that he was subject to fits and he needed assistance.

After Judge Naar had read the letters he turned to the prisoner and said:

"You want assistance, do you?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply, and everybody gasped in astonishment.

"Well, I'll give you a lot of assistance. You can stay up on the farm for six months and roam around the hills for the benefit of your vocal chords, your hearing apparatus and your health in general," said the Judge before declaring the prisoner as being the worst kind of a bum. He told him that if he came before him again he would make it a year, for a man who imposed on charitable people by such deception was the most despised creature in the world.

Clark declared that while he was drunk a stranger gave him the letters that were found on him but the excuse didn't go.—Trenton (N. J.) Evening Times.

GRACE GEORGE

Most notable of all the spring productions in New York will be Grace George's revival of "Divorcons." In the famous comedy, adapted by Margaret Mayo, she begins a spring season March 31 at William A. Brady's Playhouse, and her reappearance as Sardon's sprightly heroine is of importance from more than one point of view. The revival, to begin with, brings back to the New York stage the leading comedienne of the country, and it presents her in the role in which she firmly established her leadership not only in America, but Great Britain as well. It was as Cyprienne, it will be recalled, that Miss George appeared six years ago during her memorable season at the Duke of York theater in London.

On that occasion, which was her first engagement in the British metropolis she won the approval of the London public and critics alike and, in addition to her own personal triumph, gained recognition for American actresses on the substantial basis of genuine art. "There seems to have been an idea abroad in America," said the Pall Mall Gazette at the time, "to the effect that all the British public demands in an American actress is a pretty face." Then, in common with other London papers, it insisted that Miss George's playing had supplied an entirely new foundation on which judgment of American actresses thereafter would be established. "London" said another journal, "has found a new basis for appreciation, and Miss George's success is not merely an individual triumph—it is a success for the art of the American actress as well."

FROM THE OLD WORLD

BY MDLLE YVONNE PITROIS

IT will certainly be a great surprise to many of my American readers to hear that, in France, we have only our Protestant Mission, and one Protestant School for the Deaf! To-day, I am going to speak about the mission, and I hope, in my next "old world letter," to give an account of the School.

Our Evangelical Mission for the Deaf is situated in Paris, No. 3, allée des Bains, amidst the busy and crowded district of Montmartre; it will soon be fourteen years old, having been founded on July, 1899, by Pastor Vigier, who still conducts it, and is the very life and soul of the work. Mr. Vigier had been, for many years, a teacher of the deaf, and has a perfect knowledge of the sign-language; he, too, communicates quite easily with the orally taught deaf. He had always been much grieved by the thought of the moral and religious neglect in which our young French deaf men and women have to live, once they have left school. This feeling increased in him year by year, till at last, having given up teaching and being ordained a Pastor of the Reformed Church, he decided to consecrate himself entirely to the evangelization and to the welfare of the adult deaf.

He began at once a systematic course of exploration in the immensity of Paris, searching for the deaf scattered in their lonely lodgings, in the asylums, the hospitals, the prisons. To each and all of them, he had a kindly word to say, a picture paper or a tract to give. To the ones that were free, and able to walk, he said: "Come to my home Sunday, at 4 P.M. You will meet there other deaf-mutes, and be entertained."

Very slowly and defiantly at first, the handicapped ones answered to this invitation; then they became more and more confident, more and more assiduous, they brought their friends with them. From 10 or 20 attended at first, the number increased to 30, 40, 60, 80, 100. The deaf meet in Mr. Vigier's private house,—a very small and humble one indeed! Mr. Vigier begins the meeting by delivering, in signs, a short address, giving to his flock good and helpful counsel, speaking of the love of God, of the love and mercy we must have the one for the other. His lectures are very simple and moving ones, decidedly evangelistic, but without any confessional tendency, for many of his silent parishioners are Roman Catholic, even Jewish ones, and to all of them, he wishes to extend his ministry. After prayer, the deaf are offered a cup of tea or chocolate, and some cakes; they converse freely and gaily together, they are so happy to be able to exchange their thoughts,—at least once a week! They play at games, peep at the books and magazines which they can, if they like, take with them as a loan to read.

There are, connected with the church work, a Young Men's Christian Association, a Young Women's Christian Association, whose results are very encouraging, and a Society of Mutual Help, named "The Silent Family."

In addition to these regular gatherings, the deaf are welcome at any time at 3, allée des Bains,—and are never sent away when they came to ask for help of any kind. So, when a Parisian deaf-mute is out of employment, there is always a chum ready to tell him:—"Go to Pastor Vigier, he will surely help you." And the unemployed go to Mr. Vigier, and Mr. Vigier immediately searches all over Paris

in the snow and the rain of winter, and the heat and dust of summer, asking for work in the name of his voiceless ones, struggling against prejudices realizing—thanks to his devotion and perseverance,—the miracle to convince the employers, the heads of industry, that the deaf and dumb, *though* deaf and dumb, can be faithful and zealous workers!

I have said that the mission is non-confessional; it is international too; Mr. Vigier has placed, not only French deaf people but Russian, English, American, Austrian, Japanese, Swedish, Swiss and neg-

economical rates! Once during one of these excursions, a very touching fact happened. The pastor and his flock enjoying a walk in a forest near Paris, discovered, in the hut of a wood-cutter a little girl of about four, deaf and dumb, almost a savage. She was a forsaken child, a Belgian by birth. The deaf triumphantly took her with them and brought her back to Paris. She was the Mission's baby, and all wished to adopt her; but a rich gentleman offered to provide for her, and she is now educated in a good institute.

If summer brings to Pastor Vigier's parishioners many pleasures, their greater joy is still at Christmas-time. They have, year after year, a Christmas feast, presided over by one of the Parisian pastors or prominent philanthropists interpreted, of course, by Mr. Vigier. The audience numbers 300 and upwards! The Christmas tree is all resplendent with lights, all covered with mysterious parcels that are distributed. For the American or English deaf, so well provided this fete would be by no means extraordinary—but for the French, so sadly neglected—oh! it is nearly too beautiful for earth!

In all his labors of love Mr. Vigier is helped by his most worthy and devoted wife, young Mme. Vigier, who gives to the work all the leisure that she can spare from her household duties and the care of her two small children—Madeleine and Saul.

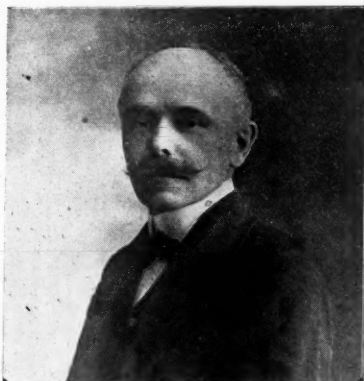
During many years, husband and wife have been alone in toiling and laboring, and bearing on their shoulders the whole heavy burden of the work, including the task of collecting! For this worthy mission, which has extended its effects to over 800 deaf-mutes, has no provided fund of any sort, and wholly depends on collections and donations!

It is because of its poverty that it remains in such an insignificant building where in spite of recent additions, there is not always room for all the deaf who come to the Sunday services! And yet the radiant faces and animated gestures of these handicapped ones are eloquently pleading for the usefulness of the Mission!

Dear American readers, if you go to Paris, don't forget the address: 3, Allée des Bains; you will find there a bright deaf center, and you will shake hands with two of the most devoted friends of the deaf, Mr. and Madame Vigier.

YVONNE PITROIS.

6, rue Hemon, Le Mans (Sarthe) France.



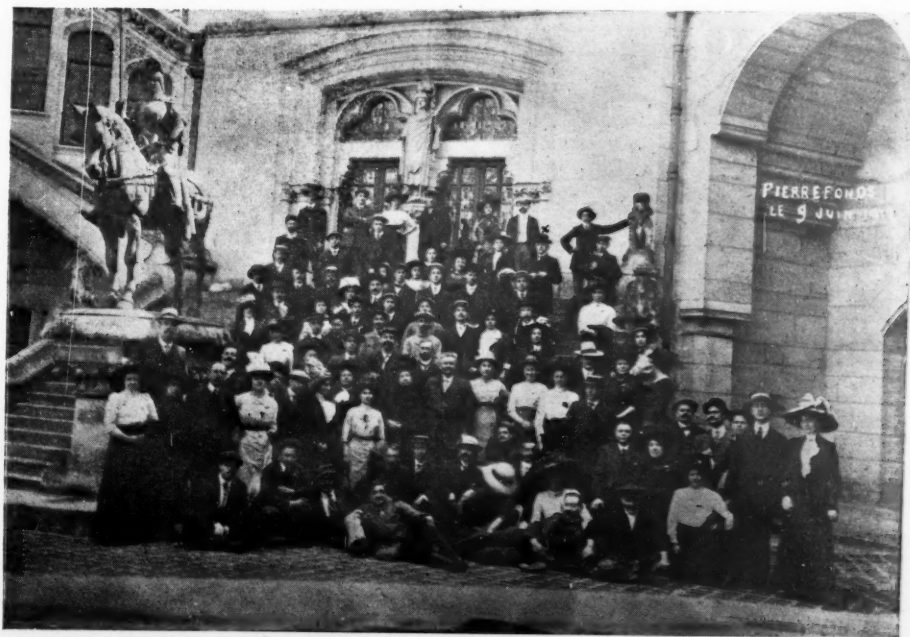
PASTOR VIGIER



MADAME VIGIER

ro ones! When his proteges are decidedly hopeless cases—too infirm or too old—he succeeded in obtaining their admissions to asylums or hospitals. There he goes to visit them, to comfort and cheer them—just as he does for the lonely deaf in their various homes. For urging needs, he has always a fund of money, of clothing, of furniture. He is well-known at the Parisian Court of Justice and Civil officers being the always ready and indefatigable interpreter and advocate of the silent ones.

In summer, Mr. Vigier, having obtained reduced rates for railway tickets, often takes his deaf-mutes for excursions in the neighborhood of Paris in the beautiful woods, the often open country surrounding the town, in the historical churches, museums and castles, where he explains them to the sight-seers. These picnics are real treats to the silent community. Even, sometimes, the deaf go to spend a whole day at the seaside, always at the most



A PIC-NIC PARTY OF PASTOR VIGIER'S FLOCK



By Mrs. E. Florence Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.



HERE was a most interesting debate between the literary society of the Iowa and Nebraska Schools for the Deaf at the Iowa School, Friday evening, April 11, 1913. Their subject was quite confusing but they handled it very well with the Nebraskans coming off victorious.

The program is as follows:

PROGRAM

Declamation Bessie Lewis (Neb.)
Coming Thru the Rye

DEBATE

Resolved, That men of thought have been more beneficial to the world than men of action.

Negative—Nebraska Affirmative—Iowa

Fern Jamieson James Jelinek
Harry Dobson August Mueller
Ogden Ray Alta Neal

DIALOGUE (Iowa)

Only the Brave Deserve the Fair

Mary Sanford George Bennett
Charlie Milhiser, first suitor..... Charles Kinser
Roy Mecker, second suitor..... Floyd Frederick
Harry Sanford, Mary's brother..... John Wells

The eleventh annual banquet of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association Branch of the Middle West was held at the Grand Hotel in Council Bluffs, Saturday evening, April 12th, 1913.

This branch was organized in 1899 and includes the Gallaudet people from Omaha, Nebraska and Council Bluffs, Iowa, besides a few scattered around in smaller towns of both states.

In this eleventh banquet there was the unique feature of a lady-president acting as toast mistress instead of the hitherto inevitable man. Miss Sara Bell Streby '09, filled that part to perfection and all the members and guests present felt convinced that suffragism had come to stay in a pleasing way.

The banquet tables were decorated with ferns and roses and Gallaudet pennants hung all around the walls while the festive menu was as follows:



OMAHA—IN THE PATH OF THE EASTER TORNADO OF 1913
Photo. by Prof. Eldridge of the Nebraska School for the Deaf.

MENU

Olives	Bluepoints on the half shell	Radishes
	Consomme Royal	
	Roast spring chicken stuffed	
German asparagus	Potatoes in cream	
	Combination salad	
	Toasted wafers	
	Orange sherbert	
	Cakes	
	Cafe noir	

Then the toasts were sufficiently browned as follows:

TOASTS

Toastmistress Miss Sara B. Streby
The Co-ed Suffragettes Mrs. J. S. Long
The Old Kappa Gamma Boys Mr. O. Blanchard
The Traditions Mr. G. F. Wills
The Owls of Gallaudet Mrs. J. W. Barrett
Washington 1914 Rev. Mr. J. H. Cloud
Gallaudet (poem) Miss Ethel Eaton

Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. J. W. Barrett, Mrs. Barrett, was unable to be present and her toast was fittingly read by Miss Mazie Britt, a teacher in the South Dakota School.



THE OMAHA, NEBRASKA, EASTER TORNADO—JOSLYN'S "CASTLE" UNROOFED
Photo. by Prof. Eldridge of the Nebraska School for the Deaf.

The Gallaudets from outside parts were the Misses Mazie Britt, Ethel Eaton, and Mr. Robinson, of the South Dakota School for the Deaf, and Mr. Lawrence, of Sioux City, Iowa.

Mr. George Wells, of Malvern, Iowa, was another member to bring the traditions of the college up to the memories of all the old boys and girls. Rev. Cloud came all the way from St. Louis to boost the Washington 1914 Convention and incidentally meet a host of old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Bangs, now living in a long desired country home at Lincoln, Nebraska, were hearing members of the Association who made all happy by their enlivening presence. All of the other members present were Supt. and Mrs. H. W. Rothert, Supt. Booth and daughter Marion, Mr. and Mrs. Z. B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Seely, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sowell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Long, Messrs. Blanchard, Michaelson, Wills, and Stewart, Miss Streby, Mrs. Ota Blankenship, Mrs. Mac Dill Bates. Three guests of individual members were Mrs. Edwin Rothert, Miss Wendell, and Mr. Eldridge.

The officers of the branch for this year are Miss Sara Streby, president, Mrs. Perry E. Seely, vice-president, and H. G. Long, Secretary-Treasurer.

The pictures of wrecked houses will give some idea of the work of the terrible tornado that swept over Omaha and the outskirts of Council Bluffs on the evening of Easter Sunday. It was the most furious and destructive tornado ever recorded in America. An Omaha man had the wonderful presence of mind to snap a picture of the great death-dealing cloud as it swept along in its destructive way. It left a path of wrecked homes seven miles long and a quarter of a mile wide in Omaha, passing the Nebraska School for the Deaf by several blocks. On the outskirts of Council Bluffs, it destroyed over a dozen country homes and coming near enough to the Iowa School for the Deaf to tear down a baseball guard and several trees on the grounds. Scores of lives were lost in both cities, but the greatest number of lives sacrificed to the fury of the torando was greatest in Omaha—a city of 140,000 people.

None of the deaf residents of either city suffered from the tornado, except through relatives and friends. It passed close to the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Rothert and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Seely in Omaha, giving them the fright of their lives. A sister of Mr. J. Balis, of Canada, lives in Omaha and her home was somewhat damaged.

E. F. L.



EFFECTS OF THE NEBRASKA TORNADO AT OMAHA, EASTER, 1913.



By Alexander L. Pach, 925 Broadway, New York

RUST had to do it again the other day. "It" refers to pretending to be without the power of speech, and some times a speaking deaf person just has to, and yet there is always a feeling of guilty self-reproach when one does so, but there is always the feeling that the justification is ample.

The New York Central and New Haven lines have just completed one of the grandest terminals in the world and it isn't quite done yet. Trains come in and go out on two different levels, and also in part of the old temporary station, and I was down there before seven in the morning to meet friends coming in on train 62. Besides a number of guides, baggage carriers, railway policemen and "phonomegographs" that speak out all important announcements, there is the customary blackboard and attendant, that bulletins departures and arrivals and tells whether incoming trains are on time or not. Up to a short time ago it also announced the number of the track that would be used by each incoming train, but that feature has been abandoned.

I went up to an attendant and asked what track 62 would be in on. He made a short reply and walked away.

I had six similar experiences and went to the blackboard man and asked him. He talked, too, in that manner that hearing people do and his eyes wandered toward track 28, so I walked over there.

I asked a brass-buttoned official if train 62 was coming in there and his answer might just as well have been in Japanese.

The next person I addressed was the Information Bureau man and I prefaced my query with information that I was totally deaf, and would he please point out the direction I was to take to bring me, in the approximate neighborhood of the exit the passengers on train 62 would use.

My painstaking effort was all in vain, for he talked away like a monologist and not once did he indicate a direction with eye or finger.

Then I just had to do it.

I went back to the blackboard man, took out pencil and wrote on the back of an envelope:

"Will you kindly tell me what track 62 will be in on?"

He read it, pointed inquiringly at my ears asking if I couldn't hear as well as not able to talk and I bowed affirmatively.

He motioned for me to stay where I was. At three minutes before train was due, he left his post, came and took my arm and escorted me to track 32 and was so polite about it I very properly, but very thoughtlessly, spoke in rather good English.

"Thank you very much, indeed."

Oh say, you ought to have seen his face!

Then it was up to me to explain to him that when I told him in spoken speech that I could not hear information I wanted, but when I wrote it down he knew beyond any possibility of a doubt that I was a totally deaf man.

And to show you what a mighty good official he is, I was at the same station a month later to meet the same train. The same attendant was on duty—shook hands and volunteered the information that if I was there again to meet train 62, to go to track 32.

I have done this often before, but not with such a happy outcome.

There is some discussion on as to what the school paper ought to be and what it oughtn't to be. Of the school papers that I see regularly several are most excellent in their way. The best school paper, of course, is the one that devotes the most space to school matters and items of interest about the deaf.

The *Scientific American* is just what its name implies and every printed line in its pages has some bearing on the subject which has made this publication a classic to those interested in science, mechanics, invention and kindred subjects.

And so with the *Youths' Companion*, The *Observer*, The *Inland Printer*, The *Tobacco Journal*, etc., etc.

I think a paper for the Deaf should publish only such articles as will interest them. And in a strictly school paper this of course includes departments that interest even the smallest pupils and their parents, teachers, officers and directors.

The School paper should be a readable photograph in type of what is happening. This of course can be carried too far. It frequently has been the medium of exalting officials of the school, unduly, and publishing things that should be told to the pupils in the privacy of the class-room or the chapel.

I do not think a paper published for the Deaf should contain anything not of direct interest to them, with one exception (a religious paper) none of the papers published in the interest of the deaf will print or reprint a story originating in the "hearing" press, where a deaf man or woman is the victim of some great misfortune.

Editor Hodgson of the *Journal* has made it a life rule never to print anything that tends to harm a deaf person or to print details of a case that might harm their families. He gives unlimited space to their triumphs but not so much as a line to tragedies or intimate personal misfortunes, unless printing the details will bring about some good.

In its pages the *Kansas Star* manages to crowd a vast array of good things—all nicely arranged in regular departmental form. The *Hoosier* must be a

mighty power to its graduates in particular. The California School's paper is always good reading and I always read from top line first page to bottom line last page.

The *Messenger's* editorials are always brainy and interesting too, while the *Mirror's* are more newspaper—clean, clear-cut. The *Mirror* has a number of graduates who conduct a chatter-box exchange under the *nom de plumes* that often get too personal.

The *Colorado Index* is a good type of school paper and divides its space between the two schools under one management in such a nice manner that the deaf don't have to bother reading about the blind unless they want to.

The *Mt. Airy World* still continues heavy. The English History feature will make a mighty interesting text book if the end is ever reached. Its school, alumni and general departments are nicely classified and interestingly printed.

The Texas school used to have a most effective publicity promoter in the *Lone Star*, but with Prof. Blattner's departure, the *Star* hasn't shone for me.

The *Georgia School Helper* is one in fact and the *Florida Herald* uses a lot of type on a number of pages without heralding as much as it might.

The *Rome Register*, under its present management, is an ideal little school paper, running largely in oral grooves, so far as editorials are concerned. Natural, of course, considering Principal Gruver's very pronounced oral predilection. I have known the gentleman almost intimately since he first entered the profession. He is sincere and consistent—his training was in an atmosphere that encourages oralism at every cost, even when good old Dr. Crouter gets up and addresses an audience of deaf people, in graphic cameo-like signs that the "other way" is best for them.

The *Minnesota Companion*, *Wisconsin Times* and *Iowa Hawkeye*, all size up in the first class as school papers that are worth while.

Edwin I. Holycross, of Columbus, Ohio, has sent out another booklet, "The Abbe de l'Epee and other early Teachers of the Deaf." It is an interesting work that is well worth the small sum asked for it.

For a number of years the most valued of all my reference books, not only during the business day, but the evening at home, has been the *New York World Almanac*. Its 900 pages are a wealth of information and for the first time I have come across a "break." In its 1913 index it speaks of "Deaf and Dumb Mutes."

In a recent issue of the *SILENT WORKER* I wrote a review of how interesting a vaudeville performance can be to a totally deaf man.

Though the review was written only a short time ago two of the stars of the bill, Cliff Gordan (monologist) and Miss ———, both sterling artists and both victims of sudden death.

(Continued on page 153)

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY from October to July inclusive, at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50 cents a year, invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, 70 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES made known on application. The high literary character of the paper and its general appearance make it a valuable advertising medium. It reaches all parts of the United States and goes to nearly every civilized country on the globe.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

ARTICLES FOR PUBLICATION should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. XXV. MAY, 1913 No. 8

TEACHING by moving pictures is proving to be very popular among our children, and promises to be most fruitful.

Exempt It is to be noted with gratitude that, while sad havoc was wrought throughout many of the western states by the recent cyclones and floods, there was no loss of life at any school for the deaf, and no serious damage to any of the buildings connected with any of them.

The Expected LEGISLATURES are but human and being of the earth, are just as liable to err as individuals, but, as a rule, they consist of men with good hard matter-of-fact heads and it is with great rarity that you find them making egregious blunders. The action proposed by the Wisconsin legislature, the closing of the Delavan school for the deaf, was something simply impossible for a legislative body with any brains at all. The school was opened in 1852 and is one of the best in the country. Its corps of teachers is an exceptionally fine one, its buildings especially adapted to the purpose, and its methods the very best. We did not think it to be in the slightest danger. There were some, however, among the good people of Wisconsin who were greatly wrought up over the possibility and to these it must be a great relief to know that their law-makers are "safe and sane" upon the subject. The educated deaf of the State are thoroughly aroused and well-organized now, and they'll, doubtless, keep future legislatures fully advised.

High Honor THE custom of honoring their benefactors is rapidly becoming a fixed one among the-deaf of New York City and scarce a twelve-

month now passes without some token of appreciation being extended to a Nestor of the Manhattan family. The last to receive deserved consideration of the kind was our old and esteemed friend, John F. O'Brien, of the Xavier Club, New York, and the hurrah that was made for him on Sunday evening, the 20th inst., at the Fourteenth St. Club House, was an occasion not soon to be forgotten by either Mr. O'Brien or any of the other two or three hundred present.

Mr. O'Brien had been President of the deaf branch of the Club for thirty-five years and his friends could not see the mile-stone passed without a demonstration. And such a demonstration! A rare banquet, presided over with eloquence and dignity by Father McCarthy, speeches by Thomas Francis Fox, Sylvester Fogarty, H. Pierce Kane, John Lloyd, Thomas Tighe, Anthony Capelli, Harry Powell, Henry Beuermann, Joseph Schmidt, Joseph Knopp, and Teresa McCarthy, numerous gifts including a fine gold watch for the guest of the occasion, and good feeling galore.

Our superintendent had the pleasure of prefacing the occasion with a lecture on "Shadows." Referring to this, the *Journal* says:

"The evening was first intended to be only for a lecture by Supt. Walker, of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, but it was later agreed to have a double bill, hence the lecture on "Shadows" by Prof. Walker, and testimonial bestowed on Mr. O'Brien.

"The lecture came first and was held in the literary rooms of the club house on the third floor. It was a very interesting lecture, and as Mr. Walker is a very graceful and forceful sign-maker, it was perhaps the more enjoyed by all who were able to see it.

"The two large rooms were crowded, and many were not even able to get a glimpse of the platform, but those who did said it was a treat. At the conclusion the applause was sincere."

Mr. Julius Kieckers, an old-time pupil of the New Jersey School, was master of ceremonies and contributed much to the success of the occasion, and on the whole, the evening was one long to be remembered and one that must needs have been a matter of the greatest pleasure and pride to Brother O'Brien.

All too Brief THE lion in the way of educating deaf children ever has been the impossibility of keeping them at school for a sufficient length of time. Entering school as most of them do between the ages of six and ten, without language or instruction of any kind up to that time, what is to be excepted in six brief terms? It is a fact that, in most cases they have the opportunity of a twelve or fifteen-year course, but how few take advantage of it! From the information we have, we think it would be safe to say that the average length of time under instruction of the deaf child is not more, at most, than from seven to eight terms.

Miss Keller in a recent speech says:

"I remember well the bright June day that I spoke before you at Mt. Airy, sixteen years ago. How strange and like a dream it all seems! That day I used my defective, halt-

ing voice to urge that every deaf child should be taught to speak. To-day my voice is still defective and halting; but I lift it, imperfect as it is, in praise of the work of the Association. Your progress rejoices me, and such progress as I have made is valuable to me, because it reinforces and proves your work.

"It has always been a joy to be able to speak. True, it is poor speech. True, only a few near friends understand me readily. Nevertheless, what speech I have has meant more to me than I can ever say. My words are lame and broken; but they bind me to the world of men and women. Through isolation, silence, darkness, I send forth a winged word; its opinions are crippled, but somehow it flies and reaches another heart. With the first word that unloosed my tongue began a greater fullness of life. Before that, I had been happy when a flutter of the fingers opened to me a small part of the word I was exploring. But the spoken word—that might, thought-quicken power—flung back the gates and gave me a wider access to the world of knowledge and companionship."

Miss Keller admits speech that is "defective and halting" after a quarter of a century of training under the most advantageous conditions. Is it to be wondered at that speech is "defective and halting" after the brief time we are able to hold our little ones?

AN occasional lecture, like that delivered by Mr. MacIlvaine, of Philadelphia, last Saturday evening before the Society of the Deaf of Trenton, would be a great uplift to the Society, if it could be arranged for.

THE growing business of Pach Bros. has necessitated a removal into larger quarters at 925 Broadway, New York, where, as at the old stand, we shall find, in future, all that is artistic in portraiture.

WHEN THE LILAC COMES

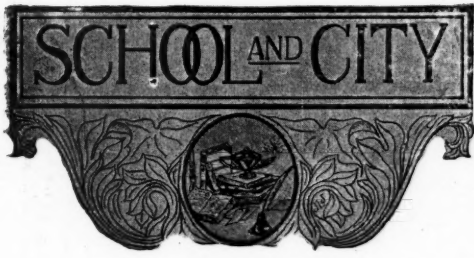
BY H. M. BECKINGHAM

When the lilac comes and the young birds sing,
And the violet shows her purple wing,
And the primrose coppice is fair to see,
Like a yellow cloud in an emerald sea—
Oh, my heart leaps up like a wild bird free—
When the lilac comes!

When the lilac comes, with its wealth of white
And heliotrope radiance all alight,
With a breath as sweet as the new-mown hay
That rests in the twilight at hush of day,
And the acacia uncurls outside my room
With a promise of future life and bloom—
Then my heart, like a bird, begins to sing—
When the lilac comes!

When the lilac comes—in the garden wide
There's many a blossom the wall beside
That shows a glimmer of pink-streaked white,
That peeps from its cover to find the light;
And a butterfly bright is sometimes seen,
Like a golden star, near the ivy green;
And from the root of the old oak tree
The daffodils golden smile up at me—
My heart is as glad as a heart can be—
When the lilac comes!

When the lilac comes, our hearts are athrill
With the voice of the robin adown the hill;
And, lo, it is spring in the gleaming air,
And, lo, it is spring in our spirits fair!
And my heart o'erflows as the brook o'erflows
When it hurries away to find the rose;
And my heart o'erflows as a golden sea
Of sunshine over a cowslip lea.
Oh, the world is as fair as a world can be—
When the lilac comes!



Lilacs.

Green fields.

Winging birds and bees.

Vacation but one month off.

Our park tree is an American elm.

Alfred Baimlin makes a fine monitor.

Home is the magical word just now.

Our hyacinths and tulips never were prettier.

We are already arranging for our closing exercises.

A number of the boys think of camping out, this summer.

Mr. Markley got our boys a complete base-ball outfit last week.

Mr. Sharp's class presented him with a pen-knife on his birthday.

Erwin Herrmann, of our last year class, has joined the Elizabeth Y. M. C. A.

The Rev. Dr. Walker, of Swedesboro, was a visitor one day last week.

Our copper-plate half-tones are fair this month, our zinc ones not so good.

George Brede is expecting his sister Cora at the closing exercises in June.

Lillian Leaming prizes her papa's letters more than anything else in the world.

We can tell you what is just as rare as a day in June. It is a day in May.

The girls have found one robin's nest, and they think it already has eggs in it.

The Woodward maple is going to make one of the prettiest trees on our grounds.

Our base-ball team had five fine games last week, winning four and losing one.

Our children are reading with the greatest interest every scrap of news from Japan.

Mary Marie Keiley, and Annie Uhouse — and — are our "babies."

When our golden-wing gets into a big nest of ants, he eats until he can hardly stand up.

Mr. Porter took the children on a trip to Fairyland in the assembly room, on Monday.

Our moving picture lecture on Saturday evening, was about Forest Fires, High Explosives and Salt Lake City, with two very interesting stories added for diversion.

We notice that a tree has to be pretty well in leaf before a robin begins to build in it.

Annie Bissett, Mamie German and Anthony Zachman paid us a visit one day early last month.

Harriet Alexander is especially proud of her new dress because she earned the money to buy it herself.

Mr. Thomas Titus Brown, of Atlantic City, father of Thomas Titus, Jr., spent Friday afternoon with us.

Joseph Higgins and Charles Durling propose a hike to Rocky Hill, some day, this month. Some walk that.

Esther Woepler gave the superintendent a beautiful box of candy on the first of April, only it was not candy.

Our stereopticon and moving picture lectures are giving a great deal of pleasure and instruction to our children.

John Garland, George Brede, Joseph Higgins and Hartley Davis are great sprinters. They think nothing of five miles.

Oreste Palmieri is a great reader and has made more use of the library, during the past year, than any other pupil in the school.

Sufficient funds are available again, this year to provide handsome prizes for those who have attained excellence in their school work.

Hartley Davis' father writes him that out of twenty-nine eggs he got twenty-eight chickens. This was doing pretty well, don't you think?

The surrounding fields have been blue with violets during the past week, and a number of violet parties have been held recently by the pupils.

Rose Stettbacher, our centre chef, made our superintendent a special cake on his birthday, one that stamped Rosie as a master of her calling.

Our little girls have made up a couple of nines, and play base-ball every pleasant evening. You'd be surprised to see how expert they are getting.

Charley Dobbins and Paul Reed Tarbutton took a run to Princeton on their wheels, last Saturday. Both were pretty tired when they got back.

The mahogany desk in process of construction in the wood-working department promises to be the finest piece of work ever turned out there.

We have never had occasion to regret the purchase of our new horse. He has always "pulled time," and in this is an example for us all.

The song-sparrows, who have come and built with us for so many years are back, but we have not yet discovered just where they are locating.

Clara Van Sickle thinks she has the best aunt in the world. You would think so, too, if you should see the box she has just received from her.

While the girls were playing "town ball" in the yard last Monday, a big bull-dog came in and stole their ball, but they succeeded in getting it again.

Our upper classes are taking a great interest in natural history, and every bug and worm as well as every bird is a matter of the greatest interest to them.

Wednesday was Johnny MacNee's birthday and Johnny's brother and sister came down to celebrate it with him. They "dined out" and had a fine time visiting the "movies."

Frank Hoppaugh has just received a letter of six pages from his friend, Joe Hearn. Joe says that the New York Giants will be easy winners of the pennant.

The last meeting of the Teachers' Association was held on Thursday afternoon, when there was a class demonstration by Miss Hall and the maintenance of standards was discussed.

Marion Apgar in her haste to get down stairs, on Monday, rolled down the whole flight from the second to the first floor. Strangely enough, she escaped with a slightly sprained ankle.

There is quite a likelihood of our getting our excursion to Philadelphia, this month. There is sufficient money in our coffers, and it is now only a question as to whether we can spare the time.

Montiors Baimlin, Van Sickle and Alexander gave the kindergarten an afternoon in the gymnasium on Tuesday. Games plays, and marches were indulged in and all report a glorious time.

Our superintendent was heartily congratulated, by everybody on his birthday, and was the recipient of a handsome dressing-gown and the handsomest palm you ever saw from the teachers and children.

Dawes Sutton, besides fulfilling all of his school-room requirements and doing all of his industrial work in a satisfactory manner, has read the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and "Brave Deeds" during April.

The watch which the pupils gave Mr. Walker two years ago, is a wonderful time-keeper, varying, year in and year out, but a quarter of minute a month. There are few watches which do better than that.

There is no end of the fun that our boys are getting out of the big empty barrel that they have adopted and placed on the west lawn for exercise, and there is no attitude that they do not get into, in their attempts to walk it.

Mary Sommers and — had a little violet party, all by themselves out at Lakeside Park, the other afternoon, and returned with two of the most magnificent bunches of violets you ever saw. They presented them to the school and their beauty has been the remark of every one who has seen them.

The celebration of Arbor Day, as arranged by Commissioner Burk, was quite an event in the lines of the school children. There were forty-five schools represented and each school planted a tree in Cadwalder Park. Our detachment presented a fine appearance, and our banner, one turned out in a single day by the sewing and wood-working departments, was the finest in the line.

Next Saturday will be another nature study day and we shall all be the guests of Mr. John P. Murray, Chairman of the Committee on our school during the afternoon. The place he selected for our "study" has been the menagerie of the Ringling Bros. which will then be in town, "the greatest aggregation of living animals ever assembled," and, incidentally we shall all witness the splendid circus that goes with it.

HONOR ROLL

Marion Apgar
Edmund Bayer
Louisa Beck
Pasquale Dercola
James Dunning
Ada Ernst
Joseph Higgins
Lillian Leaming

May Lotz
John MacNee
Oreste Palmieri
Annie Savko
Goldie Sheppard
Catherine Tierney
Nellie Van Lenten
Esther Woepler

St. Philip's Mission for the Deaf



Left to right standing—Lee Gorsuch, William Gumpf, Howard L. Judd, Mrs. Howard L. Judd, Audley J. Pitzer, Jr., William J. Gibson, J. L. McManima.
Left to right sitting—Rev. Amos Bannister, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Beaver Falls; Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, D. D., of Pittsburg; Rev. B. R. Allabough, General Missionary Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission.
Photo. by Judd and McManima, Brighton, Pa.

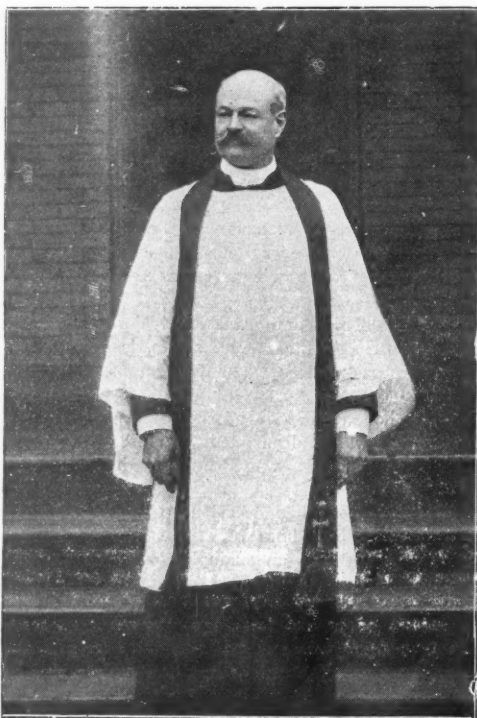
Sunday morning, November 17th, 1912, at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Beaver Falls, Penna., the following candidates were presented by the Rev. B. R. Allabough and confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburgh: Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Judd, J. Livingstone McManima and William Johnston Gibson, all of New Brighton; William Gumpf and Robert L. Gorsuch, of Beaver Falls; Audley Pitzer, of Freedom. The Bishop announced that a mission had been established in the Beavery Valley to look after the spiritual interests of the local deaf, and he christened it ST. PHILIP'S MISSION FOR THE DEAF. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, of Braddock, Pa., is the lay reader, and holds services at Beaver Falls, New Brighton and Rochester, by turns, once a month. So far he has read five services, and a great deal of interest has been shown, not only by the local deaf but also by the Rectors and hearing people. The deaf of the Valley are evidently great hustlers, as they have already raised over fifty dollars. On Easter afternoon, the members of this new Mission presented Mr. Sawhill with a cassock and cotta.

This is the first Mission founded by Rev. Mr. Allabough; it is in a very flourishing condition. The Rectors of the three Churches are deeply interested in it, and are aiding it in every way possible. The Rev. Amos Bannister, of Beaver Falls, is particularly interested. He knew the late Rev. A. W. Mann.

Rev. Mr. Allabough visits this Mission whenever he comes to Pittsburgh, unless he is hindered. He hopes to have a Mission for the deaf established in Johnstown, Pa., where there are over thirty deaf-mutes, all doing splendidly.

St. Philip's Mission is officered by the following Executive Committee: Mrs. Howard L. Judd, President; Mr. William J. Gibson, Secretary; Mr. H. L. Judd, Treasurer.

Mr. McManima took unto himself for a wife, Miss Millie C. Leis, of Jeanette, Pa., April 5, when the knot was tied by Rev. Mr. Allabough at Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, in the presence of only three witness. The bride will be confirmed May 18th, and then add to the membership of the Mission.



REV. B. R. ALLABOUGH
General Missionary Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission
Photo. by Judd and McManima, Brighton, Pa.

Illustrated Lecture in Trenton

The lecture on "Yellowstone Park," by Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, of the Mt. Airy School, on April 19th, was a rare treat to the Trenton deaf. The slides used in illustrating his lecture were all beautifully colored, as nearly close to nature as it was possible to make them. Each picture was explained briefly, in the sign-language. At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. MacIlvaine was tendered a vote of thanks.

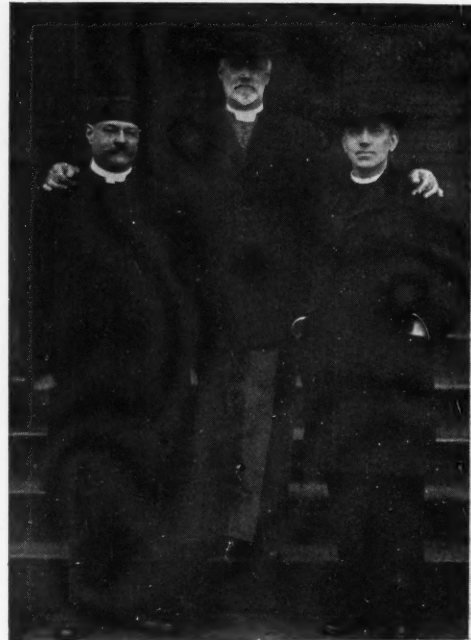


Photo. by Judd and McManima, Brighton, Pa.

Left to right—Rev. B. R. Allabough, General Missionary Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission; Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, D. D., of Pittsburg; Rev. Amos Bannister, Rector of St. Mary's Epis. Church.

A Deaf-Mute Builder

Himself building many of the houses which he sells, J. P. Marshall, a deaf-mute, resident of East Nashville, demonstrates that there are more ways than one to attain success in the real estate business. Mr. Marshall built the home in which he lives on the Dickerson Pike with no professional assistance except in the building of the chimneys and the plastering work, and he has in like manner built a number of other houses which he has disposed of, the majority of them being sold as soon as erected. In the work of erecting some of the buildings he has been given some assistance by his two young sons, aged sixteen and ten years, respectively. He is at present engaged in building a house on Lucile street, in East Nashville.

Mr. Marshall has been a resident of Nashville for six years and has engaged in the real estate business for four years, taking up this line of work after removing to this city. Previous to that time he was a watchmaker and jeweler by avocation. He came from Kentucky and was for five years a student in an educational institution for deaf-mutes in Danville, Ky.

Mr. Marshall has a family consisting of a wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, the youngest being a small girl of five years, who talks in the deaf and dumb language as fluently as her father.

The little daughters frequently accompany their father, the elder one acting as interpreter. She also employs the deaf and dumb signs with remarkable ease and conducts a two-sided conversation with an intelligence that is little short of wonderful for one so young.

The father expresses the desire that all deaf-mutes of the city visit him at his home or inspect his work when he is engaged in building a house. As soon as the building now in process of construction is completed he will begin another, and he says he expects to continue building houses for some time yet. As he counts himself very successful in his chosen avocation, he does not feel that his physical defection has been a barrier in the competition with other successful men in the same business.—Nashville Banner.



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.

THE sudden taking off from our midst of Mr. Henry Jansen Haight, on April 13th, 1913, is a grim reminder that death mysteriously surrounds us and that the summons may come when we least expect it.

Although having passed the allotted span of life—threescore and ten, Mr. Haight bore his years with such vigor and freedom from marked debility that he seemed to have reason to believe that he had a good many more days to spare, and many of his friends shared in this belief. But, alas! we have again been taught that it is not given to us to number our days.

Mr. Haight may not have been a perfectly well man on that memorable Saturday night (April 12th) when he attended the monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Local Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, of which he was a member, but we did not notice anything unusual in his condition. In fact, he seemed in better spirits than we were after our day's hard work. The meeting passed over without any excitement. After it, Mr. Haight engaged us in conversation, easy talk, until about ten-thirty. Then, all at once, moved by a sudden impulse of immediate or impending trouble, he rose up or fairly jumped up, staggered and was about to fall when we caught him and helped him to his seat. His quiet demeanor of a few minutes before had now changed to intense excitement, the noise of which attracted the attention of the groups of deaf in other parts of the large hall. He showed all the symptoms of apoplexy, which, however, no one present suspected at the time. His whole right side seemed paralyzed and with the other, he kept up a struggle until a doctor arrived, who quieted him with an injection in the left arm. Becoming unconscious and because of the uncertainty of his condition he was sent to the German Hospital in an ambulance at 12:40 A.M., (Sunday) and he died at 4:40 that morning, having suffered intensely. Thus his death came unexpectedly and quickly from apoplexy.

Mr. Reider and Mr. Underwood called at the Hospital on Sunday noon and were the first to receive the sad intelligence of Mr. Haight's death, and the former immediately telegraphed Mr. E. A. Hodgson to notify Mr. Nuboer.

Although a native of New York for most all of his lifetime, Mr. Haight had lived in Philadelphia for the last ten years or so. During his residence here, although well able to live independently of his fellow-deaf, he chose to become one of us, joined our leading organizations, and manifested a lively interest and spirit in all good movements made by them. What he did was not done for ostentation, or self-glorification so much as to satisfy his longing to be useful and helpful whenever that seemed possible to him, and no one will deny that in this way he was a valued member of the deaf community. In other words, he simply chose the way in which he could be most helpful and that is just what every one of us should do. In this way, also, he did more than many others have done or are doing. Hence our appreciation.

Mr. Haight's loyalty to Philadelphia is another thing that merits our admiration. He mingled with all classes of the deaf freely, none being too humble to receive a word of cheer from him, or assistance, provided that he was deemed worthy; he took especial pride and interest in the work of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, and was enthusiastic over the

new church and parish-house now building; he was a member of the Gallaudet Club almost from its inception and there is no more warm supporter of the Club than he was; he was a valued member of the Pennsylvania Society for the Deaf, and an ardent friend of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown. In short, he was well disposed to all the various organizations of the deaf that exist here, and a most regular attendant at the different meetings and entertainments that have followed each other in rapid succession for a long time. Think how this man, possessed of ample means to enjoy the best in the amusement world, preferred to share the evenings and other times with those afflicted like himself and you will agree with us that he was truly loyal to the cause of the deaf of Philadelphia.

EVENTIDE

Beyond all poesy, sublimity of song,
Sweet eventide, when mellow shadows throng
The valleys, and the slow, reluctant day,
On purple sandals gliding, seals away
Into the gloaming, by the sleeping streams,
A pensive spirit passing into dreams.
It is the hour when woods enchanted glow,
And gentle winds with dying odors blow,
From tree to tree faint pipes of evening call,
The bat sweeps circling by the ivied wall,
A lark drops fluttering to his lowly nest,
And drowsily the ring dove croons of rest,
The moan of kine has ceased, the drone of bees,
But ever a little stream among the trees
Speds lightly on, and singeth as it goes
Songs that a child at evening might compose.
Now the sun's flight is finished in the West,
Where far the great clouds veil his flaming crest,
The shepherd pens his weary flock away,
Safe folding laggard little ones that stray,
Bidding them browse awhile ere darkness steep
All things that move in deep embrown'd sleep.
High uplands as at early morning shine,
Sacred the light that gilds the day's decline,
As when the dawn with holy eyes appears,
And opening blossoms sparkle with her tears,
For gross, foreboding day, which climbs the East,
Calling the world to work, and fight, and feast;
The cunning day, the fierce, insistent hours
Of human strife with Nature's dreadful powers,
The groaning of a being chained to earth,
Although ablaze with visions from his birth.
But come, the evening calls us, let us go;
We must not sorrow because the earth has woe,
A passion lingers in this serene air,
A passion void of triumph or despair.—
Empty of storm but hushed to calm delight.
We turn our eyes to greet the coming night,
The stars are streaming up the boundless hills,
The stars that smile at man's inconstant wills,
And in an opal radiance, crescent-wise
The moon peers coldly from the limpid skies.
—Henry Sempson, in *London Graphic*.

This little tribute is deserved, we believe; our only regret is that we can not make it as good as we should like to. It is no life sketch; no attempt to enshroud a departed friend with a false light, but thoughts that have made an impression upon us and which it will do no harm to tell to others. Here let us quote Dr. Johnson, who wrote in the *Rambler*, No. 54.—

"When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

A short sketch of the life of Mr. Haight may appear in the next issue.

On Wednesday evening, April 16th, a number of deaf viewed the remains of Mr. Haight at an undertaking establishment in West Philadelphia. They reposed in an elaborate metallic casket covered with black broadcloth and with heavy silver bar handles. The funeral took place on the following day, at noon, from the Church of the Savior, 38th street above Chestnut. It happened that the Church was most elaborately and artistically decorated for a wedding, which was to occur a few hours later, and the casket stood almost in the midst of the decorations, combining a charming natural effect

with the somber scene. The casket was decked with a mass of beautiful cut-flower pieces, offerings by members of the family, the Gallaudet Club, the congregation of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, friends of New York, and others. The service for the dead was read jointly by the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, and the Rev. Paul S. Howe, an assistant minister at the Church of the Saviour. After the service, the casket was sent on its way to Goshen, N. Y., where the interment was made in the family mausoleum on Friday afternoon, Mr. F. W. Nuboer had charge of the funeral arrangements and he was joined later by Mr. Raymond, who is the attorney for the Haight estate. Those of the family who attended the funeral in Philadelphia, were the widow, Mrs. H. J. Haight, a son, David Haight, a daughter, Mrs. Monell, and Mr. Edward Haight, the only surviving brother. Some of Philadelphia's leading deaf were present, and New York was represented by Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, Mr. H. C. Kohlman, and Mr. Charles McMann.

The meeting of the Men's Club on Tuesday evening, April 15th, turned into a memorial meeting for Mr. Haight. Among the speakers were Mr. F. W. Nuboer, Rev. C. O. Dantzer and Messrs. Reider, Sanders, Underwood and McKinney.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held a stated meeting at the residence of Mr. Thomas Breen, 1525 N. Dover St., on Friday evening, April 18th. There were present President Reider, Secretary Ziegler, Treasurer Roach, Mr. Breen, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, all of Philadelphia; Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Allentown; Mr. S. S. Haas, of Shamokin; and Mr. Partington, of Ridley Park. The Board re-elected Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Mr. S. G. Davidson, and William Stuckert, Esq., Trustees of the Home for three years from June 1st, next; voted to turn over to the Home Treasurer the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500.00) for the Endowment Fund, and thirty-five dollars (\$35.00) for the Maintenance Fund; appropriated the sum of ten dollars (\$10.00) for the deaf flood sufferers of Ohio, to be disbursed through the Rev. B. R. Allabough; fixed August 14th, 15th and 16, as the dates for the next meeting of the Society in Shamokin. At the suggestion of the President, a committee, consisting of Mr. R. M. Ziegler, Mr. F. R. Gray, and Rev. F. C. Smielau, was appointed to inquire into the expediency of securing a State Charter for the Society so as to enable the Board of Managers to meet elsewhere than in Philadelphia when it is desired, the present Court Charter restricting meetings to that city. Other business of minor importance was transacted and, after adjournment, Mr. and Mrs. Breen treated the members to an elegant luncheon.

RANDOM THINKS

(Continued from page 149)

Speaking of vaudeville, New York has still another theatre given over to this popular craze, the Palace Theatre at Broadway and 47th St. For once the name fits the theatre. It is a palace and the bills they put together are literally "All-Star." Where other houses have one or two big features, the Palace runs all their acts in the "big feature" class. Last and this week they had Miss Oxford and her elephants. Some one told me about this act and I didn't believe it, so I went to see for myself. Believe me, you wouldn't believe me if I told you what Miss Oxford, the big elephants and the little elephant really do do. You've got to go and see for yourself. The ponderous Pachyderms of the circus are the merest trivialities when compared to Miss Oxford.

The Palace is to New York vaudeville what the Imperator and Acquitania are to the sea—everything else is dwarfed to insignificance by comparison.

Some strand of our own misdoing is involved in every quarrel.—R. L. Stevenson.

Mrs. Catherine Mount

Mrs. Catherine Mount, of Denver, Colorado, passed over the unknown sea to the unseen shore on February 18th, 1913, and is survived by husband, two sons and a daughter. Her children are Earl, foreman of a press room at Seattle, Washington, Leslie, and Mrs. Pearl Joy, of Denver. The floral offerings were very beautiful and numerous. Her



MRS. CATHERINE MOUNT

deaf friends presented a beautiful one in the form of a cross, literally covered with white and pink roses and a large lily in center.

The interment was held in Crown Hill Cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs. Lessley, Kent, Reid and McGowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Mount were the first deaf couple to settle down in Denver some thirty-eight years ago.

The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, our highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Catherine Mount, who departed this life Feb. 18th, 1913, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Mrs. C. Mount we have lost a dear friend and a lovable companion, who, by her cheerful manner and Christian fortitude in her long suffering, has endeared herself in the hearts of many; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved husband, sons and daughter our sincere condolences in their dark hour of sorrow and that we sympathize with them in their loss, and be it further

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed friend to say that in regretting her removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished her sorrowing family, and a copy be sent to the SILENT WORKER for publication.

K.

Helen Keller at Harvard

Miss Helen Keller addressed the International Otological Congress last week at the Harvard Medical School. She spoke in a monotone something high in pitch, but not unpleasing, and in English, French and German. The audience was large, filling every seat in the amphitheatre, and was composed of world's noted ear specialists, surgeons and aurists. Dr. Clarence J. Blake presided. Deaf-mutism was the subject of the symposium, and papers were read by Dr. G. Hudson Maukuen, of Philadelphia, and Dr. M. A. Goldstein, of St. Louis, on the educational problem of the deaf. Presentation of pupils in illustration of methods and results as made by Professor

John D. Wright, of the Wright Oral School of New York. He presented three such pupils—Miss Mabel M. John, of New York, a totally and congenitally deaf French and Italian; and Charles Henry Over, a young boy who is deaf and dumb but is learning to talk.

Then Miss Keller was presented. She both spoke and sang, her musical efforts being directed by Professor White of the New English Conservatory of Music.—*The Silent Ocho*.

What Has Mr. Tilden's Federation to Offer the N. A. D.?

In the April WORKER Mr. Douglas Tilden writes in his usual entertaining style and argues for the merger of the "American Federation" and the N. A. D.

The plea of harmony and a get together spirit is commendable. At the Cleveland convention the matter of a better organization of the N. A. D. will receive free and fair consideration. It has been the aim of this administration to accomplish something besides holding conventions. The aim has been to reach the hearing public. Several thousand circulars have been sent to hearing people, to newspapers, to educators, parents, and public officials. In Nebraska we carried the fight right into the camp, our opponents are not likely to forget it in a hurry, and may take comfort in the thought that we will come again when we are in better position to fight than we were this time.

Mr. Tilden is President of the Federation. This organization, if so it may be called, is composed of a society of artists and the "Independence League" which has been a standing joke for years, and has never done a thing. A list of some five hundred names was published by Mr. Tilden. The members have never held a meeting, and no real organization has been formed. At a meeting of the California Association, Mr. Tilden appointed some one to cast the votes of each of the above societies, and thus the American Federation was formed in a few minutes. The members never authorized any body to cast their votes, and the Federation has no existence whatever except in the imagination of Mr. Tilden.

What has the Federation to offer the N. A. D. that it should take it over and adopt its name? Nothing except a list of names. It is easy to get names on the Tilden plan of the "no dues, no publicity, nothing at all" basis. But a large membership with no money to do anything is worse than useless. If Mr. Tilden will get a dollar from each of the five hundred members and a promise to pay 50 cents annually, the N. A. D. will be glad to consider a merger.

Mr. Tilden has announced that the Federation is committed to a \$50,000.00 monument to De l'Epee. If the N. A. D. takes in the Federation, it would be committed to this project. I believe in honoring De l'Epee, but \$50,000.00 is a rather stiff proposition. And, by the way, did the members have any voice in this matter, or did Mr. Tilden simply cast their votes by proxy? The members, I know, have never been asked to express an opinion on the subject, and are decidedly opposed to the \$50,000.00 proposition.

When the N. A. D. asked for funds to carry on the Nebraska fight Mr. Tilden sent some two hundred names of California deaf—by proxy, of course—but he did not send a cent to buy a postage stamp. If he had sent one-fourth of the names, and each with a dollar, it would have done some good.

Mr. Tilden argues for a convention in San Francisco in 1915. By all means hold a convention then and there.

But it need not necessarily be a N. A. D. convention. Since the American Federation, according to Mr. Tilden, is an accomplished fact, why not let its five hundred members get together and hold a splendid convention, in fact an International Congress, and form an International Federation. Mr. Tilden should easily be able to eclipse the International Congress at Colorado Springs, where the foreign attendance was just O. When Mr. Tilden has demonstrated that the American Federation is a real, live, bona fide organization, justified in coming to the N. A. D. and asking for a merger,—not before.

The N. A. D. has raised \$1800.00 for the Hartford monument; it has some \$5,000.00 in the moving picture fund. It has spent \$250.00 to print the Colorado Springs report. It has a nucleus of over \$200 for the endowment fund. It has spent several hundred dollars for publicity, and in the Nebraska fight. Still it has money in the treasury, and has more than three hundred paid up members.

What has Mr. Tilden's Federation to offer?

OLOF HANSON,

SEATTLE, April 14, 1913.

A Progressive Superintendent

Supt. W. S. Holmes, of the Louisiana State School for the Deaf, although a new man in the profession, is progressive and broad minded as regards methods as evidenced by his article "Our Policy," in the *Pelican* of a recent date.

He believes in the "Combined Method"—that every new pupil, not too old, should be given the opportunity to learn speech and lip-reading, but after a sufficient trial it appears that a pupil would do better work in the manual department he should be transferred to that department. He also says:

"Of first importance is the acquisition of a vocabulary of sufficient extent to enable the student to understand what is said or written, and to communicate his thoughts to those with whom he may come in contact. Then the student should learn enough of the fundamentals, such as mathematics, geography, history, hygiene, etc., to equip him to successfully encounter the problems of daily life."



W. S. HOLMES

Supt. Louisiana State School for the Deaf



By Jay Cooke Howard, Duluth, Minn.

JESUS CHRIST appeared in Israel to save the Jews and through them eventually to save the rest of mankind. After persecuting Him for three years the Jews crucified Jesus and have been knocking Him for 2,000 years since. The rest of the world has been more or less saved.

Olof Hanson, as President of the N. A. D. appeared (figuratively) in Nebraska to save the deaf of that state from the encroachment of the pure oralists. He seems to have received the flattering attention from the deaf of Nebraska that the Jews tendered Jesus Christ.

The President of "the Nebraska School for the Deaf Alumni Association" comes out in *The Journal* with a criticism of the manner in which Mr. Hanson conducted the Nebraska fight. Any one with any sense and a fair knowledge of State legislatures will appreciate the difficulties Mr. Hanson encountered in this fight. His fight was made especially difficult by the fact that the deaf of Nebraska sat supinely by and because of their inactivity actually opposed his efforts.

We understand Nebraska has an Alumni Association and a State Association, that the president of the Alumni Association is instructor in printing and the president of the State Association is a teacher at the School for the Deaf.

If the deaf of Nebraska are ever going to accomplish anything they should get together and form one strong incorporated association and see that their executive officers were free to act in their interests. There are deaf men connected with schools for the deaf who are sufficiently independent and self sacrificing to stand up for their rights and the rights of the deaf, but they are a small class of really superior men and they do not seem to live in Nebraska.

If Nebraska had a strong and independent association of the deaf with executive officers not connected with the school, the N. A. D. would never have had to go to Nebraska to fight—at a great disadvantage—their battles for them. The way to carry on such a fight is for the educated deaf people in all parts of the State to approach the representatives in the House and Senate from their districts and explain the situation to them and demand that they do so and so. These representatives will gladly listen to their constituents while they will not only not listen to people from other states but resent their interference.

So far as the deaf of Nebraska are concerned—the adult deaf—they deserve no consideration whatever. If this infamous law were going to work a hardship on them, they would be getting no more than they deserved, but this law will not effect them. It will effect the children now in and who will enter the school in coming years and these children should have our compassion, our consideration and our aid. Furthermore, the oralists will not stop with Nebraska. They will seek out other states where the deaf are as poorly organized as in Nebraska and endeavor to repeat the Nebraska trick.

It is up to the deaf of Nebraska to get together and prepare to put through a repeal of this law at the next meeting of the legislature. They should begin now and see that every man who holds over is duly educated on the subject and as fast as new members are elected they should be taken in hand.

Another purpose this Nebraska fight should serve is to warn the deaf of other states what they may expect if they do not get together and build up

strong State Associations and be prepared to fight such bills to a stand still if introduced in their State Legislatures. They must also fortify themselves with money in their Association treasuries so they will not be handicapped for lack of funds. It surely is a pitiable spectacle to see the deaf of a great state sit idly by and neither fight their own battles nor contribute to the "sinews of war," while the deaf of the rest of the country are rushing to their aid and paying the expense of the fight. Nebraska should awake from the shameful spectacle of its lethargy and resolve, with a mighty resolve, to redeem itself at the next meeting of the legislature. We hope for its sake, and for the sake of the deaf everywhere, that it will redeem itself.

The president of one of the corporations of which the writer is Treasurer—a man whose only association with and knowledge of the deaf has been in connection with his business relations with the writer, recently made a trip through the East. At our suggestion he visited a number of schools for the deaf that happened to be on his route and his comment on the results he observed in an oral school where signs are not and have never been used is extremely interesting. Taken to the lower grades he was amazed and electrified by the progress of the smaller children—the beginners. He felt that here, surely, was the method of methods for instructing the deaf. In their first year these little tots could talk and read the lips very well. He was taken to the next grades and his enthusiasm was checked for, to all appearances, those who had been in school for several years could speak or read the lips no better than the beginners. When he visited the highest classes in the school his enthusiasm for this method of methods had quite vanished, for it was his judgment that in the first year the children had acquired a mechanical speech that was improved upon very slightly in subsequent years and that the process of communication was so difficult that they failed to acquire any great amount of real education. Furthermore, their speech and lip-reading would not warrant their use in the business world where people had no time for repetitions and any uncertainty of understanding. We believe that this business man's verdict would be the verdict of any and every shrewd and observing business man.

Much has been written with reference to life insurance for the deaf. Most companies charge a higher rate for deaf men than for hearing men. The New England Mutual of Boston has given the deaf a square deal—up to a certain point. It has been willing to write policies on any plan of insurance for them at regular rates, for small sums. We took out a policy for several thousands with this company about a year ago. Later we wished to increase the amount and were turned down. Looking the field over we applied to the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia and they issued a policy to us five times as large as the New England would issue and this at a lower rate than the New England for the same class of insurance, although in both cases we paid the regular premium. With two such good companies as the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia and the New England Mutual of Boston issuing policies at regular rates to the deaf, the deaf have no excuse for not being fully insured. We must not forget that the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf will also insure up to \$1000 and includes sick benefits. There is no question but what life insurance is a good thing.

The *Washingtonian* is a paper that is always gladly received. Jimmy Meagher manages to get some live stuff into every issue. By the way, this same Jimmy is a many sided proposition and the more one knows of him the more likeable he is. If he can box and wrestle and has been a semi-professional in these lines, he can also write poetry and he can put so much sincere feeling into a tribute to a departed friend that no one can doubt but that his heart is in the right place. Jimmy is an all around man. In addition to his other good qualities, he has

a merry humor and that is an asset not only to himself but to his friends.

Right Always Wins says Wm. E. Shaw

William E. Shaw, the well known and popular deaf-mute inventor, of Lynn, who yesterday won the custody of his 11 year old son, William E. Shaw, Jr., having fought a second battle in court against the child's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Church, of Hemenway street, Boston, was the happiest man in Lynn today. Once before this Mr. Shaw had to appeal to the Suffolk Probate court for the custody of his son and when Judge Harmon, of the Probate court of Essex county, awarded Shaw his young son, yesterday, there was great rejoicing in the famous deaf-mute's household.

The following letter addressed to the editor of the *Item* was received at this office today:

LYNN, MASS., March 19, 1913.

"DEAR EDITOR,

"LYNN ITEM:

"It has been a great victory for me with all my handicaps. I started in with so many disadvantages, not being able to hear the many things they were saying about me in court.

"I owe so much to my lawyer, A. R. Shrigley, who has been so faithful to me throughout the fight. My boy is dearer than life itself. I think I should have died of sorrow if he had been taken from me as he is the only comfort I have in my sad existence, shut out from all the world and unable to talk and make my meaning clear to those with whom I come in contact. I am so much misunderstood on account of my misfortune.

"I can bring up my boy to be a good man and I know he will be a great comfort to me when I am old, if people only leave us alone and not try to poison his young mind against me. He is my son and born of my first love, who gave her young life that he might live.

"It is partly for the sake of the deaf in general that I have fought so hard. Law is law and it is the duty of the deaf to defend their own rights and fight for them if necessary.

"Right always wins.

(Signed.) "WILLIAM E. SHAW."

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.,

of THE SILENT WORKER, published monthly at Trenton, N. J., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post offices.

Editor, John P. Walker, Trenton, N. J.
Managing Editor, Geo. S. Porter, Trenton, N. J.
Business Managers, Geo. S. Porter, Trenton, N. J.
Publisher, Geo. S. Porter, Trenton, N. J.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

School paper, published at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

Geo. S. PORTER,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1913

WILLIAM G. NEWCOMB,

(Seal) Notary Public.
(My commission expires Sept. 1916)

Miller Sketch in "Out West."

The sketch by Howard L. Terry describing a visit to the home of Joaquin Miller printed in last month's *WORKER* appears in the April number of *Out West*, with three illustrations. The *WORKER* used the newspaper copy of the article which had several errors, of these the word "bereaved" should be bewail. *Out West* has accepted a poem by Mr. Terry to be published in the May number.

The Blue Mountain of the New South Wales

By "UNITY."



DEAR AMERICAN COUSINS:—I am going to try to describe to you, or to be more correct, give you my impressions of a trip to the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. I am not all boastful, but I feel that you, in all your big continent, have nothing just like the bold bluff Blue Mountains situated 3,500 feet above sea level between the South Pacific coast and the interior table-lands. Nothing to compare to Niagara and the Rockies, do I hear you smile? I know—but your Niagara is too big to be beautiful, anything that goes beyond a certain scale in size loses in beauty that appeals, it outgrows our vision. And your Rockies are not blue, or if they are, you have been unnaturally quiet about it, and that is so unlike you Americans that the Rockies are white, grey, green, any color but blue.

Now the chief characteristic of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales is the color—a blue so elusive that if you look for it intently it does not appear, and when you are not looking for it or thinking of it, it spreads like a beautiful veil over hill and valley, and catches your heart in glad surprise with its entrancing play of shades. Smoke? Atmosphere? Call it what you will, but the result however, produced, makes one glad to be alive to see it.

Friends tried to dissuade me from going to the mountains alone this summer. Said one, "there have been bush fires and the beauty of the sights will be blackened and desolate. Wait till next summer," but I only shook an obstinate head. Said another kind, but very unimaginative, friend: "Don't go this year; this long dry season has reduced the water. The Falls will be nearly dry and there is nothing else to see." Nothing else to see! Oh, the blindness of one's most estimable friends! But I only shook my head again, and said: "The mountains are there still," and I went, and lo! on my coming the clouds piled up, the lightning flashed blue and gold, the thunder pealed from peak to peak and rumbled in unseen valleys and canyons, and the rain came in torrents, swelling all the little springs in every valley, and hanging the Falls anew with wide, beautiful curtains of living lace, crystal clear.

Truly, I am a favored mortal if it were all done for me. My first glimpse of the beauty of the Blue Mountains I got at the head of Katombo Falls. After twenty-four hours of storm and rain and driving mists the sky cleared and the evening sun came out revealing to my eyes the Jamison Valley between the "Three Sisters" and the "Orphan Rock," bathed in flying mist and exquisite cloud-shadows; green and liquid gold under a rapidly clearing blue sky: full of movement from the tree-tops writhing in a strong cold wind, and the Falls waving to and fro like a curtain two hundred feet long, but devoid of any sign of life. It is not easy to describe—one can only feel,—humbled and bowed to the dust by this manifestation of the wonders which God works on His Earth, but not for long: the strength of the hills that is His, also, overawed me, one of the least of His creatures.

Then the Storm King took possession once more, the clouds piled up and the wind drove the rain up in torrents, shutting out all the beauty that had been revealed for one brief hour.

Feb. 14th.—How very deceptive distance can be;—this morning watching the mists rising like a troubled sea from off the Jamison Valley I said to myself: "Surely it would be possible to walk through this valley of saplings and climb Mount Solitary," and the more I looked at it the more I fancied the walk. From the Watch Tower, when the mists were quite gone, I looked for the path that I knew must be there and saw nothing but narrow strips of bare earth here and there, until suddenly on one of these

strips appeared three specks as big as barnyard fowl and I realized with a shock that these specks were human beings walking on the path I was looking for; they did not know how they showed up to me the bigness of Nature and the immensity of God's conceptions. Down on a flat rock at the foot of the Falls lay what I took to be a sheet of newspaper moving in the wind. I looked away, but the unnewspaper-like antics of that newspaper again caught my attention and I watched it until it resolved itself into two human beings on a seat. This the immensity of the distance that really lay between me and Mount Solitary, for all its apparent nearness, and I gave up the idea of reaching its lonely heights on foot.

15th.—From my favorite look-out on the Watch Tower once more I marvelled at the changing moods of Mother Nature. The morning was dull and cloudy and the far-off ranges were invisible or only faintly outlined. Mount Solitary loomed dark and forbidding through a cloak of purple haze. Sunlight and shadow chased each other over the wide expanse of the Jamison Valley. From far below the Pass was calling to me on my lonely shelf of rock above the Falls, and the magic of the canyons drew me, against my morning's intentions, down and down, and still down to the feet of the "Three Sisters"—then, all else forgotten, on and on through wild, lonely forest paths where the giant gums which looked so small from above towered eighty feet above my head. Tree ferns, which attain twenty feet of height and their most perfect symmetry in the moist stillness of this forest underworld, abound everywhere, water drips and tinkles along the way from giant rocks too far overhead to be visible; all else is still as death, a soft green gloom into which an occasional shaft of sunlight stabs from very far above, turning the green to gold. So still and lonely it is, and so absorbed am I, that the sudden appearance of a man and a boy confronting me on the narrow way brings my heart into my mouth. On and on, twisting and turning, trying not to get off the track, while time flies as usual and when it occurs to me to think of time, I wonder if I am going to come out at the world's end, or is it only that the way to Leura Falls per Federal Pass is longer, far longer, than I reckoned it?

There are no finger-posts in the forest, and, I hope, there is only one path, else I shall surely go astray, but the idea of being lost in this vastness does not spoil my enjoyment.

After what seems like many hours, I meet two girls out for a pic-nic lunch evidently, and ask if I am on the right way—yes! and how far from Leura Falls? "Oh, quite another two miles!" No turning back, however, faint-hearted, since five miles he behind me and only two before. So it is on again and I have to keep my eyes for the track which disappears several times and has to be hunted up again, until I see the first welcome finger-post that directs me, up a ladder, to Linda Falls.

In light-hearted ignorance I start to climb—goodness me! thought I, when I glanced up at the rocks above me, five hundred feet of solid rock I'm sure; it was like looking up a vast chimney. But there was no help for it; my heedless feet had got me into this fix; it was up to them to get me out of it. Up and up amongst beautiful cascades, fern gullies, dripping rocks, sunlight and shadow and awful loneliness. Up wet slippery ladders, or mossy stone steps, without end, to sink breathless on a damp seat now and then to rest and admire, then on and up again.

Just when the solitude was becoming unbearable once more I met a human being. This time it was a lonely man with a camera sitting on another damp seat beside one of Linda's many cascades. I did not fancy speaking to a stranger, but thought I had

better find out where I was. Oh, yes, I was right, for the top, but only half way up. He stared when I said I had come all the way from Katoomba Falls, and alone! It was past one o'clock and I had been walking since ten. Have my photo taken? No, thank you, some other time, thanks. And I set off again; this time the way led over a log bridge, (a single log) by way of variety, up steep wet ladders, beside falls, under them, over them, by rustic bridges and more logs, amidst a perfect riot of green things, dripping rocks, sunlight and shadow; but, for all my preoccupation with the beauty around me, I never seemed to get any nearer the top and next time I sat down I examined my rubber shoes, (thin to begin with) with anxious solicitude and, as I feared, found them broken. Glancing up the inhospitable walls of the canyon that seemed determined to keep me for ever, I foresaw myself arriving at the top barefoot and in rags, if I could not save my skirt from any more tearings.

Ladders, like all ill things, came to an end. At last a Finger-post announced the turning to Leura Falls and I went off along a level winding path, glad of a chance to get my wind back again. Round the cliff I came out at the foot of the Bridal Veil, one of the prettiest of many pretty falls; and from there I tackled another long Series of Steps,—not ladders this time—leading to the top, and home. A beautiful and unforgettable walk, now that the fatigue of it is over. They tell me it was seven miles and over two thousand steps (including ladders I presume) but the loneliness of it, and the intimidation of that frowning five hundred feet of cliff is with me yet.

Feb. 16th.—I wish you could have seen Wentworth Falls from the National Pass, as I saw them. Beauty almost indescribable is there; it is rather a beauty of coloring and atmosphere, than of scenery—a vast amphitheatre half in sun, half in shadow, sharps light and sharp shade. On the sunny side the Falls transformed by the westerling sun and the summer wind into a waving opal-hued curtain whose clearness revealed the tawny orange color of the rocks behind it. I suppose three hundred feet of falling water—words don't describe it, and figures give no idea of size; you must use your own imaginations and sense of color to take it in.

It is a glory of color and form that once seen remains with us forever.

For this Nature's largesse, color tone,

Splendor of land and sea,

All that she gives thee, thou can't make thine own
For days that yet shall be.

BRISBAM, AUSTRALIA.

REAL MEANING OF "AT HALF MAST"

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called half mast. Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since the flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission but of respect.

In those days when a famous soldier died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all, The Angel of Death.
—New York Sun.

CILPPINGS

BY J. L. JOHNSON

There are eleven deaf nuns in a Canadian Institution at Montreal, Canada.
—*Silent Review*.

New Jersey is the first State where the legislature has provided for state wide special training for all subnormal children, retarded as well as defective.
—*Maryland Bulletin*.

The best instructor in the best school on earth can never educate your mind or your hands. You must do that yourself. The instructor and school can show how, can guide you wisely into the best methods, but you must do the work yourself. An education can never be absorbed by mere contact with instructors and schools any more than a dinner may be absorbed by standing around in the kitchen and dining room. Get to work and get an education while you may. Dinner time doesn't last all day.
—*Industrial School Magazine*.

The deaf should be taught a trade while in school. When a deaf person graduates from an institution for the deaf, he should be fully prepared to earn an honest living. If he has been taught a trade he has little or no difficulty in securing employment, but an untrained deaf person has a hard time, because other things being equal, the average employer prefers a hearing employer. So by all means teach the deaf a trade. It is not so important to teach them a little about everything as it is to teach them all about some one thing.
—*Anna Louisa Dwight, Gallaudet '12, in Kentucky Standard*.

Wisconsin has gone mad on the subject of Day Schools for the Deaf, or rather a few people who have the ear of those in authority have done so, and as a consequence twenty-three such schools have been established in various towns of the State. And now it is proposed to discontinue the State School at Delavan, changing it into a Normal School for the training of Agricultural teachers. The School at Delavan has had a long and honorable career of usefulness and is doing splendid work to-day; why pull it down in favor of little "dinky" day schools, with their wretched grading, inefficient supervision, and lack of opportunity of learning a trade?
—*Kentucky Standard*.

Where the Day School is Weak

The day school idea, which is so attractive in theory, does not work out so well in practice. It certainly sounds nice to speak of deaf children going to and fro between their homes and school daily like hearing children. But there are circumstances surrounding deaf children that do not obtain among hearing children. Hearing children can be gathered together from one ward in sufficient numbers to form a well graded school. Deaf children, on the contrary, have to be collected from distant parts of the city. If the number is small, good grading is impossible, and every teacher knows that good grading is an important factor in successful teaching. Deaf children in boarding schools get a great deal of help and instruction out of school hours which they would not get at home. They receive moral and religious instruction on Sunday which the day school does not provide. And every good boarding school makes

provision for industrial training under skilled instructors, which the day schools cannot afford.
—*Minnesota Companion*.

A Book for Deaf Children

Last week Mrs. Reed was delighted to receive a visit from her mother, Mrs. D. R. E. Stevenson and her sister Miss Margaret J. Stevenson, of Olathe, Kan.

Since leaving the Illinois school Miss Stevenson has prepared two little books for the deaf, one entitled "The Life of Christ" and the other "Nature Facts," both of which have been well received by schools for the deaf throughout the land. The later was taken off the press in September and since that time orders have been taken from a large proportion of the schools for the deaf, both state and private.

Under the caption "A Kansas Woman's Book for Deaf Children" the *Kansas City Star* has this to say:

An elementary text book intended for use in the training of deaf children in the intermediate grades has been written by Margaret J. Stevenson of Olathe, Kan. The book is called "Nature Facts" and has already been adopted by schools for the deaf throughout the United States and Canada. It consists of very general and practical information couched in the simplest form intended as suggestions to teachers for instilling in their pupils a rudimentary knowledge of the commonest everyday objects.

Each lesson is appropriately illustrated. The author, realizing "the effectualness of simplified language," to use her own words, has omitted many superfluous details in each lesson. In their arrangement "more care has been taken," says Miss Stevenson, "to adapt the language of each to the gradual growth of the child's mind rather than to any sequence of lesson subjects."

Miss Stevenson is a native of Kansas, having received her preliminary training in that state. She studied teaching of speech and lip-reading in the Clarke school at Northampton, Mass., and has since taught in the Wisconsin, Illinois and Kansas state schools for the deaf. Without doubt "Nature Facts" will prove a boon in the line of work for which it is intended.
—*Illinois Advance*.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet's View

It is possible to teach a child born deaf to speak well and understand the speech of others by observing the motion of their lips. This has been done in many instances in many countries. But the conclusion often drawn from such success that ALL deaf children may do likewise is not sustained by experience. "Success in teaching of the deaf-mutes to speak is a matter of gradation, and in estimating the value of results, enthusiasm and bias on the part of teachers often lead to serious error. A large proportion of deaf children whose teachers assure them they have acquired the power of speech, and who use their voices, such as they are, with considerable fluency, are conspicuous failures in the world at large. The utterance of these, understood easily by teachers and intimate friends, is often so muffled or harsh or imperfect as to repel strangers, thus standing the deaf person at a much greater disadvantage than if, remaining silent, he resorted to writing as a means of communication.

There are teachers of the deaf in the United States who have urged within the last few years that the



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language of signs ought not to be used in teaching deaf-mutes, and in a few schools attempts have been made to carry out this idea. It is indeed possible to teach deaf children without the use of the language of signs in the class-rooms or the public assembly.

But the testimony of great numbers who have been so taught is that their intellectual development has been narrowed and retarded by the refusal on the part of their teachers to make use of that language which is theirs by nature. My experience with the deaf, and my lifelong familiarity with their peculiar language lead me to accept this testimony as a statement of a general truth, and to express the hope that the day is not distant when the natural language of the deaf will have its proper place in every school.
—*The Illinois Advance*.

It is quite natural that the deaf should be chiefly concerned about matters that have special connection or reference to their own particular welfare. In matters educational, the provisions for educating the deaf, the Institutions and schools for their accommodation, the methods of instruction, and the scope of the curriculum, all are of vital interest and importance. Still, as deaf and hearing alike are being educated to the end that they shall become good and productive citizens, it is more than worth while to pause and compare the handicaps that deafness imposes and the advantages which accrue to those blessed with the sense of hearing.

The Public Schools are continually advancing their lines of instruction, modifying and fitting them to the constantly changing conditions of life.

The elementary schools of New York city have an aggregate enrollment of over 800,000. Added to the numerous private and parochial schools, there are probably an even million boys and girls at the present time being educated for prospective positions in the world at large. It is with these million and more people that the deaf must contend. In spite of their handicap, they must "make good" in the busy rivalry for place and prosperity in the world they are destined to enter. It requires but a minimum of perspicacity to realize the tremendous odds that they will be obliged to overcome. It is ridiculous to assume that without education the deaf will stand much of a chance in the battle of life.

It is very much to the credit of our schools that so few of the deaf graduates have failed to earn a good living and to maintain a standard of citizenship equal to those who hear.

There would be fewer failures in New York State if there were a compulsory education law especially for the deaf. For those who can hear—which means those who have superior advantages—there is a compulsory law, clearly defined and rigorously pressed. There is a penalty for neglecting to send hearing children to school. There is no penalty for the same neglect towards deaf children.

It pays the State to educate the deaf; then why not see to it that the State is not robbed of its due through ignorance and consequent incompetence of those who do not avail themselves of the free education that is offered them?
—*Deaf-Mutes Journal, Jan. 13*

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Superintendent White, of the Kansas School, is one of those educators who believes in using both the manual and oral methods in instructing deaf children. Each child that enters his school is placed in an oral class and given a chance to learn speech and lip-reading. If after a fair trial little or no progress has been made, the child is transferred to a manual class where finger-spelling and writing are employed. Regarding this he says:—

"This seems to me to be fair and reasonable, as we find some pupils each year who do not seem capable of grasping instruction by the oral method, just as some normal children are not capable of learning to play the piano well. Then why should we persist in teaching them something that they have no liking or talent for, when their talents or natural inclinations extend in other directions? It is impossible to teach a child against his will. If the desire is not there and the teacher is unable to create in him a desire for speech and lip-reading, it is a waste of time and energy to continue such a child in the oral department. It is no reflection upon the pupil's intellect to be in the manual department. The valedictorian of the class of 1912 was educated wholly by the manual method."

—Michigan Mirror.

Teaching the Deaf is Hard Work

Few people outside of those who have had experience in the class room have anything like a reasonable idea of the work required, both on the part of the teacher and pupil, in the successful training of the deaf. Visitors come in the school where there are children from eight to ten years of age, and it is not uncommon to be interrogated as to what reader these children are using. We receive letters sometimes from relatives inquiring about some child that has just entered school and wanting to know if he will soon be able to write a letter home. No doubt many of the friends of the deaf are disappointed as to the educational results of the first few years. When attention is called to these matters, we can only ask our inquirers to remember that comparatively nothing is taught deaf children in the way of language while they are at home, and therefore the task is a difficult one.

The deaf acquire as rapid a knowledge of names relating to objects as the hearing child, but when it comes to words of assertion and affirmation, we have reached an almost insurmountable barrier with a young deaf person. At this point the skill, energy and patience of the teacher is brought into requisition. It is only the best teachers that can show marks of progress in the use of abstract language in the instruction of the deaf.—W. Va. Tablet.

Who is to Blame?

When a boy goes wrong, somebody is responsible, of course. It is not unnatural to place the major part of the responsibility upon the parents or those who are parents by proxy. The public school teacher may feel her responsibility to a certain degree, and the teacher or officer of a boarding school, to a greater degree, but when the boy commits a crime, he alone is punished by the law. He is either sent to a reform school, or if a criminal of maturer years, to the penitentiary. Our cousins of the Orient, though they may never have looked into a Christian Bible or came across that question of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" seems to realize that there are more than a few individuals responsible when the boy goes wrong, and they too are punished. But none of us would adopt their methods of punishing all responsible. The first president of the Chinese republic tells us how a young man was punished for murdering his father: The young man himself and his uncle were put to death; also the schoolmaster was exiled to a place a thousand miles from the village where the crime was committed, and six nearest neighbors suffered the same fate. Dr. Sun Yat Sen says that it is the Chinese theory that not only the parents of a boy,

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but also his relatives, his teacher and his neighbors, are in some degree accountable for his character and conduct. The Chinese schoolmaster certainly "teaches as if he were to be electrocuted to morrow."
—North Dakota Banner.

The late Algernon Charles Swinburne was deaf during the last few years of his life, but he would never admit it, and visitors to the Pines, Putney, where the poet and Theodore Watts-Dunton used to live, were always seen first by the latter, so that they might be warned not to take any notice of Swinburne's complaint.

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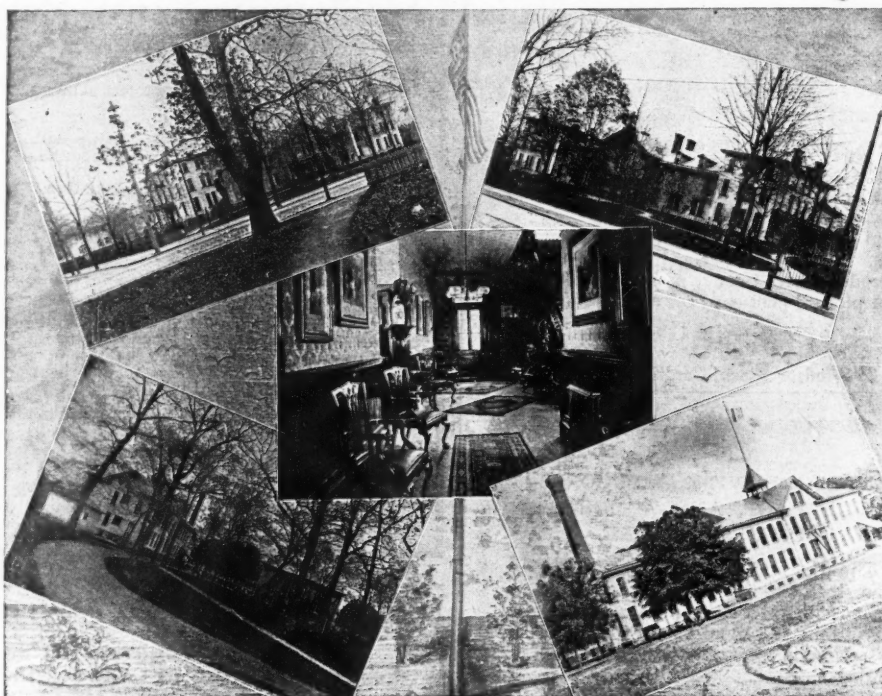
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